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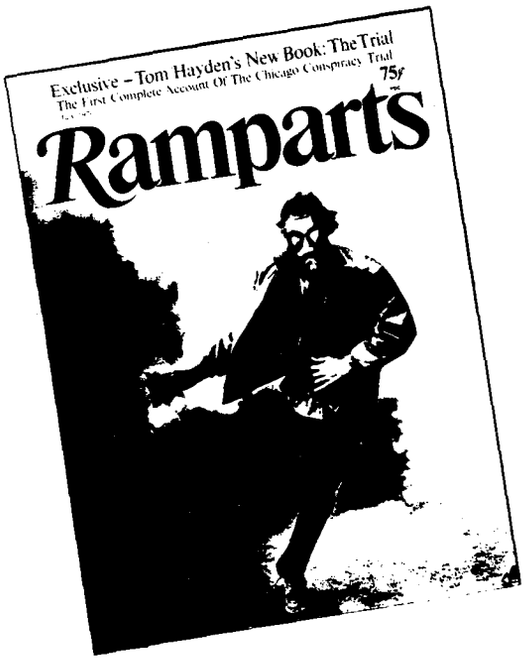


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from Washington

## The Goggin Hegira

Consider now the case of Terrence P. Goggin.

Captain Goggin is a professional soldier, a lawyer, and presently an assistant professor at West Point where he teaches one of those hum-drum courses on American civilization, or history, or something like that. He has a colleague on the faculty whose name is Captain Clifford Hendrix from the South. The cadets march in, ramrod straight, take their seats with martial precision, and then Capain Goggin for two or three hours a week tells them things about their country. They get up, eyes right, and march out.

But it so happens that a resident leprechaun in the White House, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, assistant to the President for Urban Affairs, wanted to find out for the Urban Affairs Council the conditions under which food stamps and commodities are being distributed in this broad USA. And so somebody touched a button, and Captains Goggin and Hendrix appeared, saluted, changed to civvies and set off, their official designation being "special assignment to the White House staff." The Goggin hegira began.

They went to 15 counties in four states (New York, Mississippi, Missouri and California). There is something odd in the distribution of food to the poor. Here it says, in black and white, in the textbooks and the law, that food stamps are to go to all the eligible. But the statistics of official files show that only 16 percent of the poor living in food stamp counties are actually getting any food. How can this be? The vizier of the Great Khan in Washington (we have now promoted Pat Moynihan to vizier) sent his emissaries to find out. They marched, no doubt, to the airport, one, two; one, two. And then, suddenly, six months later, here was Captain Goggin trying to tell about it, after the White House had tried to suppress his report.

"I was stunned by the experience of driving in a White House limousine to an airport," he told the Senate Committee on Nutrition, "going on a plane that was air-conditioned, in tremendous luxury, landing in Mississippi, Missouri or California, and going off in a car to a shack where children, in my opinion, were literally dying . . . their minds were dying.

"It is something that I will never forget. It is just incredible to me.

"You come back to Washington and you try to explain this to somebody else and you say – 'You must do something about it!' They say, 'We don't know where we are going to get the money'. I say, 'Yes, but people are dying out there. Children are being condemned to totally wasted lives'."

And always the answer came back to Captain Goggin, "Ah, yes; but where's the money coming from?"

People who are trapped by grand viziers or leprechauns are often, alas, never quite the same afterwards. Fortunately, the Army knows what to do. Soldiers sometimes come back from battle areas and occupied villages with mutilated children, touched by the same feelings. The Army restores them. Lots of exercise, plenty of good food, optimistic companions. In no time at all they get their ginger back.

What the two captains saw was obviously an illusion, anyway. Didn't leprechaun Moynihan's boss, the Great Khan, declare May 6, 1969: "The moment is at hand to put an end to hunger in America. I ask this of a Congress that has already splendidly demonstrated its own disposition to act. It is a moment to act with vigor; it is a moment to be recalled with pride."

Splendid, eh? And if you will lower your voice, and pretend you are adjusting your tie, I will tell you what Congress has done. It hasn't, in fact, done much. There was already this $340 million going into food distribution that was getting down to only about 20 percent of the poor, and it added a temporary, one year, $270-million to it, until a new hunger bill could be passed. The one year expires June 30. No reform bill passed. And on July 1 the spending goes back to its old rate. At the present increased tempo of spending the money will be out of the pipeline by September and the system will be bankrupt.

Where's the reform bill? It's the old blackmail game! The Senate passed a fine new anti-hunger program, but it's locked up over in the House agriculture committee under chairman W. R. Poage of Waco, Texas. Poage has attached it to the deadlocked multi-billion dollar farm bill with its toothsome subsidies. Poage says, "No farm subsidies, no food stamps." It's being held for ransom by those who know that the Congress is more and more hostile to the subsidy system. (Rep. Poage doesn't like federal food distribution: "In too many cases," he said once, "it will go for liquor, or for pot, or for those sort of things.")

Captains Goggin and Hendrix returned, drew up a report, saluted, and went home. Then – silence. The Senate committee under George McGovern knew that a report had been prepared. The Senate staff asked to see it. "No," said the White House. Could the two officers testify? "No," said the White House. But the senators put on pressure. And so, finally, the report, or parts of it, appeared, and so did the soldiers.

The poor aren't getting food because of county welfare directors like Mrs. Ware at Natchez. The "poor colored," she told Captain Goggin, "lead morally disgusting lives." She attempted to enforce her "morality education" by removing newly pregnant women from the welfare rolls for a month or so.

Quite an experience for a West Point professor! "I must say I was emotionally stunned in going from household to household," he testified, "seeing children staring at walls, with potentially tremendous energy, but becau they weren't getting food they w like zombies.

"I have three children of my o he added. "You see it on televisio it doesn't have anywhere near the tional impact of seeing it in p

It's all right Captain Gogg you, too, Captain Hendrix (v roborated everything Goggin sai Army will know what to do! Ple fresh air, lots of sleep; whole hearty food. You'll be bushy taile no time.

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# McCarthy's Call For a Third Party

There's no politician in America with a better right than Eugene McCarthy to say that we need a new party. He has served as a Democrat in the Congress since 1948. He made himself the instrument by which the Democratic Party was challenged in 1968 to repudiate the war. Now he concludes, in an article in *The New York Times Magazine* of June 7, that "it is not unlikely or unreasonable to believe that there will be a liberal third party movement by 1972." Other distinguished men in other times have had the same idea. In 1924, Felix Frankfurter of the Harvard Law School argued for a political realignment "along realistic lines" – complacent conservatives in one party, in the other those "who think that there is enormous room for improvement." Seven years later, writing in this journal, philosopher John Dewey saw "no hope that either of the old main political parties is going to change. . . . Of the first 10 persons you meet who have no definite connection with one of the old parties . . . at least seven or eight will not question the fact that a new party is needed." Dewey did not foresee the nomination in the following year of Franklin D. Roosevelt and the subsequent, though temporary, transformation of the Democratic Party itself into a "new" party.

All that, however, is irrelevant. "The strength of a third-party movement in 1972," Senator McCarthy says, "will not depend very much on study of the history of third-party efforts. . . ." It will depend, he believes, upon the growing number of young voters and the greater independence of the electorate, on dissatisfaction with the way the two parties and our political institutions operate, on issues, and on "the personalities of those who may lead a movement." True. But so will the strength of the Democratic and Republican parties depend on how successfully they accommodate themselves to dissatisfied young and independent voters, how intelligently they deal with issues, and on which personalities come forward to lead. Independents of whatever age can't be relied on to support unquestioningly any party – even a third party. What they want are politicians with backbone, whom they can trust – regardless of label. And that especially applies to blacks (whom Senator McCarthy does not mention). No third party is needed to make issues, though it might sharpen them. If Mr. Nixon by November, 1972 has withdrawn a quarter of a million or so troops from Indochina, his Cambodian in-

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vasion, his failure to end the war altogether will be an issue. So will his management of the economy; so will the slow pace of black emancipation; so will the contemptuous anti-intellectualism of the Vice President and the isolation of the Administration from the spirited students; so will polluted cities, waterways, air. Most Democrats will have every incentive to make the most of these issues. And most Republicans will have reason to play them down in deference to Mr. Nixon.

The emerging division on the war tells us something about where the two parties are likely to stand in 1972. Lord knows, the Democrats bear responsibility for getting us so deeply and tragically into Vietnam. But nothing succeeds like defeat in changing men's minds. As of last week, only two Republicans, Hatfield and Goodell, were among the 23 Senators who had endorsed the Hatfield-McGovern resolution to cut off funds for the war. And Hatfield is under fierce attack by Republican constituents for doing so. There's the same lopsided percentage in the House: 12 Republicans and 74 Democrats have signed HR 1000, the Fraser-Riegle anti-war resolution. There may be some anti-war Republican challengers somewhere in the country (there *are* a handful of incumbents) who will be campaigning this fall against a hawkish, Democratic Congressional candidate, but we have searched and found only one and a half – the half being a Democrat in disguise. The extraordinary value of Republican legislators like Ogden Reid (N.Y.) and Paul McCloskey (Calif.), or Senators Mark Hatfield, John Sherman Cooper and Charles Goodell lies in their rarity. On the Democratic side we are seeing this year an outpouring of volunteers working for candidates who share McCarthy's views on the war and on reordering national priorities.

McCarthy's point that the Democratic party is not open to effective citizen participation was more pertinent in 1968 than it is in 1970. In part because of what the Senator himself did, and what happened in Chicago, fewer delegates to the next national convention will be handpicked by "the regulars," or picked a year or so before the convention is held. Some of the worst offenders have already substantially accepted reform guidelines for delegate selection laid down by the McGovern Commission – Rhode Island, Michigan, Maryland, Oklahoma, Idaho, North Carolina. The revision of party procedures is well advanced in many others, though not completed. The decisions of the '72 convention will be crucial here, for only the convention can assure that every state delegation truly represents minorities, as well as the majority in a state. The South holds back, but that does not stop reform of party structure elsewhere, nor can the South by itself stop the Democrats from winning the White House in '72 with a progressive candidate and platform.

When we come to McCarthy's last requirement for a strong third party – personalities – it must be said that most if not all the more promising Presidential possibilities are in, or near, the Democratic Party. (In the latter category are such men as John Gardner and John Lindsay, who have or should have cut loose from a Republican Party, which, for all practical purposes, has cast them off.) We hear of a "drift to the right," yet the present environment is more hospitable to the elevation to leadership of liberal, anti-war Democrats than it was in '68. Opportunities for open field running are greater because Mr. Nixon is President, because there is not a Democratic heir apparent, and because, as noted, the procedures for nominating a candidate are likely to be more democratic than in the past. There's nothing surprising or regrettable about the fact that no one Democrat has surfaced as the logical, inevitable Presidential nominee. John F. Kennedy was not the name on everyone's lips in 1958; nor was Wendell Willkie a household word two years before his selection as the GOP candidate. Fortunately, there's time to test for quality and endurance.

The third party dilemma for 1972 is this: if its architects wait to see what the Democratic National Convention will produce, they will have waited too long; they can't get much of a campaign going between the Convention and the November election. On the other hand, if they begin organizing now, way in advance of the Democratic Convention, they not only deprive the Democratic Party of vital liberal energies it needs, and might welcome, if it is to bring forward the best nominees and policies; but in addition, an appeal for a third or fourth party has to assume the worst about the outcome of the '72 Convention. That gloomy assumption *may* be vindicated by events. If it is, then a national alternative to the Democratic and Republican parties should be seriously considered – not to win in 1972, but to effect a fundamental reformation of party politics. Since the possibility of Democratic default exists, a third force threat has some practical value.

Finally there is Senator McCarthy's thought, really separate from the desirability or practicality of a national third party, that the progressive elements in the Senate and the House, irrespective of affiliation, should form a "formal and identifiable" coalition. That same recommendation was made, in another context, by John Kenneth Galbraith last week in these pages. What Galbraith has in mind, to start with, is an agreement among Republican and Democratic liberals and moderates to deny committee chairmanships to men like Jim Eastland, John Stennis, John McMillan, and L. Mendel Rivers. That should be done, of course. But it should be noted also that we have long been governed by one or another coalition – either of conservative Southern Democrats and conservative Republicans, or by temporary single-issue coalitions of liberal Republicans and their Democratic counterparts. It might be helpful to formalize a "liberal caucus," but what any such caucus needs the most, whether floating or formal, is more members. And the third party route is not the most practical way of getting them elected to Congress soon.

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# Citizen Enterprise

*Q – What can a decent, well-intentioned, powerless citizen do at the present time?*

*WALTER LIPPMANN – The best thing to do is defeat the people who support the President on this [the war] issue in the coming elections, and help the people who are against him. It's a very indiscriminate and not very accurate formula, but, considering the situation, it's probably the only one available at the present time.*

By defeating (52-47) the Administration-endorsed Byrd amendment, which would have emptied the Cooper-Church resolution on withdrawal from Cambodia of all meaning, the Senate last week showed its growing reluctance to give the President a blank check to make war. The vote reflected a deepening, popular distrust of the Administration's policy.

The conviction that propping up Thieu and Ky leads not to peace, but to the prolongation and widening of what Mr. Lippmann calls this "impossible war," is not exclusively held by students, clergymen, Nobel prize winners or Asian scholars; it is shared by the chairman of IBM, the chairman of the Bank of America, the president of E. I. Du Pont, and more and more of what are called Plain People. And those plain people are paying for their conviction. *Project Pursestrings* (1616 K Street, N.W., Washington, D. C.) is campaigning in 20 states for the Hatfield-McGovern Senate resolution; a second national TV network show is planned (the first brought in $480,000 from 90,000 donors), as well as a dozen radio and TV spots. The *Congressional Action Fund* (815 17th Street, N.W., Washington, D. C.) is placing volunteer coordinators in 10 major cities, including Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles and Detroit; through personal contacts with young professionals, they are seeking pledges of at least one percent of a donor's income to *CAF*. Students are asked to pledge at least $25 of summer earnings.

*CAF*'s first endorsed candidates – Rep. Paul McCloskey (R) in California, Robert Drinan (the Democratic challenger of incumbent Republican Congressman Philip Philbin in Massachusetts' 3rd District), and Joseph Duffey (Democrat challenger of Senator Dodd in Connecticut) shared *CAF*'s initial kitty of $4500. Early in July, *CAF* will announce five to seven additional recipients. Ramsey Clark is *CAF*'s honorary chairman.

The *National Petition Committee* at the University of Rochester has raised locally over $30,000 – 50 cents each from signers of end-the-war petitions. The petition has been distributed to over 300 campuses.

*Personal Priorities for Peace* in New Haven has been circulating a pledge to "make a conscious effort to buy only the necessities" and to give the money saved "to legal movements designed to end the war." The *Committee for the National Economic Boycott* (State University of New York at Binghamton), like other such groups, focuses on the consumer products of defense contractors. Suggested as boycott targets are General Electric and General Motors.

In lower Merion, a Pittsburgh suburb, unpaid volunteers mounted a well organized campaign for candidates in that state's recent primary, culling names and addresses of 8000 Democratic voters from the lists and telephoning them; amassing campaign literature; sorting, stamping, stuffing, sealing and sending 30,000 letters. All their candidates did well in localities where the volunteer work was intense. For example, an endorsed candidate who got 51 percent of the state vote, won in lower Merion by a four to one margin; and whereas voter turnout among Pennsylvania Democrats was about 20 percent, lower Merion's was 45 percent.

*Law Students Against the War* (714 21st Street, N.W., Washington, D. C.) has published a book telling students how to lobby Congress and summarizing each senator's record on the war. Each member of *Another Mother for Peace* (407 North Drive, Beverly Hills, California) will set aside a dollar a month to support the campaigns of 35 congressional peace candidates who are against the war, ABM, and MIRV testing.

# Wallace in '72

Senator Birch Bayh lost no time in raising the cry that George Wallace's narrow victory in Alabama and prospective entry into the 1972 Presidential race make more urgent adoption of the Bayh resolution to abolish the electoral college and substitute popular election of Presidents. But would popular election solve or aggravate the Wallace problem?

Wallace got 13.4 percent of the national vote in 1968. He would need to do better than that, but not very much better, in 1972 in order to deadlock a popular election, preventing either major party candidate from getting 40 percent of the vote, and thus causing a run-off. Between the first election and the run-off, he could bargain, just as he and Governor Brewer tried to bargain with a minor candidate in Alabama last month. Moreover, under a system of popular election it is unlikely that Wallace would be the only significant minor-party candidate. Others are in the wings, none of whom has a regional base, and the electoral college now deters them. A popular election system would invite their candidacies. Under such circumstances, Wallace's inducement for running is greater, not less, and the power he acquires by running, to be exercised between the first election and the run-off, is a virtual certainty. That is the significance for the Bayh amendment of the Wallace victory in Alabama.

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# I'm Glad You . . .

President Nixon's economic prescriptions have caused output to fall, housing to fail, interest rates to soar, the stock market to slump, unemployment to grow, and prices to rise faster than ever. It is a congressional election year, and the voters have a chance to reflect that the last Republican Administration, of which Mr. Nixon was an important figure, likewise managed to combine no economic growth with inflation.

On October 22, 1968, in London, Ohio, Mr. Nixon said: "I strongly disagree with those who say the only way to stop inflation is to let unemployment increase." Those who said it seem to be in charge. Unemployment then was just over three percent. Last December, it was 3.5 percent. Last week is was five percent. Professor Charles C. Killingsworth of Michigan State University warned in March that the jobless rate would "be above five percent by the end of this year"; now the pessimists are talking about eight percent – about six million workers. June graduates found few job openings. The Gross National Product is dropping. So are profits. In an era of conglomerates, falling profits induce price increases, which pull up wages. The Administration shows no sign of grasping this. During his campaign Mr. Nixon indicated his belief that what causes inflation is a budget deficit; so he promised to balance the budget. The official estimate is a budget deficit of $1.3 billion (in March it was a $1.3 billion surplus). The likelier budget deficit, for fiscal year 1971 commencing July 1, is $8 billion.

Prices are rising at an annual 7.2 percent clip, the fastest climb in 20 years. Hitherto, the President has firmly declined advice to use the persuasive power of his office to try to prevent prices and wages going up. He and his Cabinet accepted doubled pay, continue limiting steel and oil imports and plan to waste $3 billion or more on a supersonic transport aircraft nobody wants. Mr. Nixon has his work cut out, explaining all this. His talk to the nation on the economy, first fixed for mid-May, was twice postponed.

# Aftermath in Knoxville

Perhaps 200 of the University of Tennessee's 23,000 students contributed to the raucous and obscene heckling that attended Mr. Nixon's recent appearance at the Billy Graham Crusade in Knoxville (*NR*, June 13). Three young men, none of them university students, were arrested that night. Billy Graham closed his Crusade and left town the following Sunday. Knoxville police were then freed to vent their rage against campus activists who have been raising moderate hell since last October and November, when anti-war rallies provided a focus for student dissent. At this writing, 36 students and three faculty members have been arrested and charged with disrupting Billy Graham's and Mr. Nixon's "religious meeting." Conviction could get them six months in jail. John Smith, 20, the conservative student-leader, who talked with Mr. Nixon in Knoxville and said he was impressed with the President's concern for student views, is among many who have protested the arrests. A Nixon assistant wired Knoxville's mayor that the President thought the hecklers had been "rude, but not violent or substantially disruptive," and asked that further arrests be postponed until "after examinations." This timid intervention was ignored.

# Keep It Brief

The Voting Rights Act of 1965, quite likely the single most effective civil rights measure ever enacted by Congress, expires in August, and it must be extended. Despite some initial equivocation by the Nixon Administration, the Senate voted to extend it, and the Administration ended by supporting it. But the Senate attached a rider to the Act, to enfranchise 18-year-olds in both state and federal elections. This sort of joinder of two separate policies is bad legislative practice, endangering the one and blurring consideration of the other. But worse was to come.

In the House, where a Voting Rights Bill was passed before the 18-year vote was given a piggy-back on it, liberals on the Rules Committee, with the support of the Democratic leadership, succeeded in sending the Senate package to the floor under a rule requiring the House to vote the whole thing up or down. No amendments will be permitted. Anyone who supports extension of the Voting Rights Act but not the enfranchisement of 18-year-olds by simple federal statute has to swallow the rider if he feels strongly enough about the Voting Rights Act, or sacrifice the Act if he really can't stand the rider. And he will have to make up his mind in the course of a debate limited to one hour: half to each side, which means a quarter to the side opposed to the rider.

Now there was a hearing and some debate on the rider in the Senate. There has been no hearing, and no previous debate in the House, not five minutes. Yet there is clearly something of consequence to debate: whether this extension of the franchise by legislative order is desirable, whether it is constitutional and would be so held, and whether, there being at the very least doubt about unconstitutionality, Congress would be acting responsibly in throwing the burden of a

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difficult decision on the Court, rather than going the route of a Constitutional Amendment. Yet where are the usual guardians of legislative process, of full and free debate? They are silent. They are fighting fire with fire, they tell themselves, for to send the Voting Rights Act back to the Senate by separating the rider from it would be to give another set of arbitrary hierarchs, the Southerners, a chance to filibuster it to death.

But the Voting Rights Act was not filibustered the first time through the Senate, when the Administration was not so firmly committed to it. Was there enough to be gained in this sorry exercise to offset the discredit that the usual advocates of process, of constitutionalism and of democratic reform have brought on themselves? Who will believe that these are really the things they care about, next time they say so?

## The Nixon Watch

# Saving Bob Finch

Bob Finch was stooped beyond his custom, and brushing his eyes with his right hand, as if he had been crying, when he walked into the White House press room at 11:12 on the morning of Saturday, June 6. Mr. Nixon was ahead of him and Under Secretary of State Elliot L. Richardson was behind him. A White House assistant who had been with them in the President's Oval Office said later that the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare had not been weeping but on the contrary had appeared to be as happy as he was to say in a moment that he was at being removed from HEW and transferred to the White House staff. "I am very honored, very flattered," Finch said, but he didn't look at that instant as if he were either happy, honored or flattered. He looked to me as if he were ready to be returned, on a stretcher, to the hospital where he had been treated three weeks earlier for "a neurological disorder," attributed by his doctors to "extreme fatigue," that had numbed his arms just before he was to have confronted hundreds of HEW employes who were disillusioned with him and with the Nixon Administration. The President also appeared to be tired, drawn of face, troubled and saddened as he began by saying, "I am announcing today the first change in our Cabinet," and went on to say that he was nominating Richardson to succeed Finch at the head of HEW. The news photographs that soon showed three pleased and smiling men at the press-room podium were travesties of the actual occasion, proof of the adage that pictures can lie.

So ended, in a public humiliation that the President could not have intended but could not disguise, the Secretaryship of a man whom he termed "my oldest and closest friend and associate within the Administration." The explanations that Mr. Nixon offered then and that Finch and White House assistants offered later provided in their sum and in their contradictions a revealing glimpse of the Administration at grips with and trying to resolve a painful problem. The President's explanation was quite correct, so far as it went: he had hoped that his friend Bob Finch could serve him simultaneously as "a personal adviser and counsellor" and as the Secretary in charge of a "huge and extremely important Department." Finding after 17 months that "this cannot be done," he had asked Finch, and Finch had consented, "to come to the White House on a full-time basis as Counsellor to the President." Others at the White House said that Finch had assented without serious demur, once the President's wishes were clear to him. Finch contradicted them and, characteristically, himself. He told Haynes Johnson of the *Washington Post* that he "argued strongly" against the change and finally agreed to it, at a meeting on the Friday morning before the announcement, only when the President "came on hard . . . and put me to the wall" and made it "very clear to me [that] it was something he wanted, and wanted now." It was "categorically untrue," Finch said in the same interview, that he had been ousted or removed from HEW. He had instructed his press spokesman, Baxter Omehundro, to say after the Friday session with the President that it "was absolutely untrue" he was about to resign.

Counsellor Finch will have to do better than that. It is not that the judicious practice of deception gets the President's men in trouble with the President, but that Secretary Finch's particular way of practicing it at HEW tended to make him look good at the President's expense. The key to success on the Nixon staff is a faculty for learning or sensing what Mr. Nixon wants and then working to get it for him when he wants it in the shape he wants it. His chief domestic assistants, John Ehrlichman and H. R. (Bob) Haldeman, possess this faculty to the ultimate degree and it constitutes their principal though by no means their only value to him. His two Counsellors, Bryce N. Harlow and Daniel P. Moynihan, whom Finch now joins, are very good at it, too, and Finch will have to master the same art and practice it in a way he never did at HEW if he is to have the useful and happy future at the White House that the President predicted for him and that he predicted for himself.

It is odd that this should have to be said of a man with Finch's long background of friendship and association with the President. They have known each other since 1947, Finch was Vice President Nixon's administrative assistant in the Eisenhower years, and he was still a Nixon man when he ran for lieutenant governor of California in 1966 and got more votes for that office than the head of the ticket, Ronald Reagan, got for governor. He was a close and frequent consul-

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tant to Nixon during the 1968 Presidential campaign, he could have had the Republican nomination for Vice President if he had wanted it, and it was by his choice that he took the Cabinet spot at HEW instead of joining the early Nixon staff. Yet he behaved throughout his time in the Secretaryship as if he thought the way to please Richard Nixon was to make him look the fool, or worse. Finch held out for the nomination of Dr. John H. Knowles of Boston to be Assistant Secretary for health services for weeks after it was apparent that Nixon wouldn't take him, and finally gave way in circumstances that did neither the Secretary nor the President credit but put the main onus on the President. The same pattern marked the handling of other HEW appointments, creating an impression (accurate in some cases, but not conducive to warm HEW-White House relationships) that the President and his staff were more responsible than Finch was for the chaos in Finch's department. It was Finch who started the destructive talk early last year about revising the guidelines governing school desegregation and embraced the fallacy that the way to bring Southern segregationists into line is to be nice to them. At the same time he privately fostered the notion, not entirely false but again not calculated to improve his standing at the White House, that he was the liberal friend of integration, fighting the good fight for it against the President and his conservative mentor, John N. Mitchell.

Why, then, was the President moved to say of Finch, "I regret losing him at HEW, but I need him here"? And that, as he said to Finch and to the press, he needed him *now*, "in a special capacity that has not been filled adequately for my purposes before"? The favored answers were two – that Finch's managerial and other troubles at HEW had brought him close to physical collapse, which they had; and that HEW required a Secretary with the talent for administration that Elliot Richardson is supposed to have demonstrated at State. The second consideration was a factor, but I am told at the White House that it was not decisive. HEW has been recognized for what it is, an inherently unmanageable conglomerate of vaguely related social agencies, since it was put together in 1953, and serious thought is being given to breaking it up into more rational segments. I am also told at the White House that what I take to be the primary reason for Finch's transfer and demotion is no more than a secondary reason. But the people who say this don't cite a better one.

It is that Robert Finch's enforced move to the White House is connected with the rapid and extraordinary process of awakening that has occurred there lately. The President, his chief assistants and even Vice President Agnew have been made aware to an extent they haven't been before that disaffection with Vietnam policy and with many aspects of domestic Nixon policy is deep and genuine and serious; that it is not to be dismissed any longer, in the Agnew fashion, as merely the creation of hostile media and of "criminal misfits." One of the few Nixon men at the Administration's top level who have realized this all along, and said so, is Labor Secretary George Shultz, who is coming into the White House orbit at the head of the expanded Bureau of the Budget (to be monstrously called, after July 1, the Office of Management and Budget).

Finch is another. Despite the flaws in his performance at HEW, he projects the look and feel of a humane and sensitive politician; not the committed "liberal" that the national press has often taken him to be and that he himself has sometimes pretended to be, but still a Nixon man who may be counted upon to communicate with and impress young, black and simply principled Americans who are repelled by the likes of Spiro Agnew and Attorney General Mitchell. When the President said that he expected to take Counsellor Finch with him on his travels, "for general preparation of speeches and other statements," he did not (I am told) intend to cast his new adviser in the menial role that the remark seemed to imply. Finch is expected to "generate ideas" for major Nixon speeches, review staff-written drafts, and generally assist the President in an effort to be, or least appear to be, more responsive to the dissents and doubts of troubled America than he has been. It is a worthy purpose, and one can only hope that the President and his third Counsellor prove to be worthy of it.

This is a time of sudden change at the top, and it's no time for hard judgment of the changes. The case of Commissioner of Education James E. Allen, Jr., who was fired by Finch at the President's order last week, is in point. He had shown himself to be a devout integrationist, a genuine "liberal," but, in the hostile Nixon atmosphere, a weak advocate. He should have quit months ago.

**John Osborne**

Pointers for Volunteers

# Helping Win Elections

First, a few negative reminders to campaign volunteers – many of whom are getting into politics for the first time this year. The sitting representative or senator is hard to beat. The perquisites of office can amount to nearly a $100,000 advantage. An incumbent has mailing privileges, an established office staff, contacts with the local press, the *Congressional Record*. And he's known. What the challenger has – if he's antiwar in 1970 – is volunteers. That can make up for many deficiencies, if the volunteers are disciplined, informed, team-minded. Ego-hassles, petty intra-campaign fights

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are a menace. In some districts, flaunting the "peace candidate" label may hurt. Messy, even unconventional appearance of volunteers or the invasion of a district by "outsiders" may also hand an opponent an issue he can exploit. In brief, the worker who's insensitive to local feelings, attitudes, customs should stay home.

Now for the positive.

The campaign is likely to be in a state of turmoil when you arrive. *Ask how you can help.* Envelope-sealing or stuffing, telephoning, running errands, carrying out waste-baskets, passing out bumper stickers? Or are you a researcher by training, an economist-in-training? If so, you might produce some speech material, *focused on the district's concerns.* The same applies to a special knowledge of foreign policy, ecology, education, taxation, urban affairs generally, government reorganization, population control, health and child care. If you are an accountant-in-training, social worker, law student, art student or journalist – or simply know some people in the district who will listen to you – you have something to offer.

One of the least understood jobs is canvassing. But to be effective, a volunteer must know in detail the precincts within the congressional district. Each precinct usually contains between 100 and 300 registered voters listed in what are called Precinct Election Poll Books or Lists. A typical page contains the names of registered voters from a small, compact and contiguous series of streets in a neighborhood, listed by name, address and party affiliation (if one has been indicated by the voter). Many states try to make partisan affiliation a prerequisite for voting in the *primary* of that party; if a voter wants to switch and cast his primary ballot for a candidate of the opposite party, he can't. In others he can. It's up to the volunteer to get the applicable information to voters, so that his candidate can benefit from switch-overs.

In analyzing a district, find out the following from the local board of elections (the records are open to public inspection): (1) total population of the district; (2) total voter registration: Democratic, Republican, and Independent; (3) total vote in the previous four or five Republican and Democratic primaries; (4) total general election votes for congressional candidates in the previous five elections; (5) total votes cast in the last three Presidential elections; (6) new voter registrations during the year preceding each of the last four or five congressional elections; (7) votes cast on major issue(s) in last two general elections (18-year old vote, metro government, bond issue, etc.); (8) ethnic and religious composition of district.

These basic statistics tell you what you need to know about voting patterns and how they might be influenced. Here's how to piece them together:

Take a legal sized sheet and draw five lines across the long side of the paper. Lay the sheet on the desk so that the lines are horizontal before you. Draw seven vertical columns. At the top of each write the dates of the last five congressional elections, primaries and general elections. Fill in the elections for which you have chosen statistics, starting with the congressional primary and general elections, followed by votes cast for President, followed by the registration figures for each of those years, then the issue votes.

Look at the result. Is there great variation among the votes cast for a Presidential candidate, as compared with the congressional candidates? Is there a large fall-off in the vote between the Presidential vote and the congressional vote? Is there a large or a small vote in the primaries as opposed to the general election? How much does it take to win a primary? Is your district more issue than personality-oriented? Is it going to take a lot of work to get the registered voters out in a non-Presidential year? Which precincts are most likely to give you a sympathic hearing? Which not?

To answer these last, two vital questions, you have to dig further. Again, the local board of elections has for your inspection the precinct-by-precinct statistics for the past few congressional elections. These statistics (who voted, who didn't) can be superimposed upon a precinct map, which you can obtain at the board of elections. You can then immediately detect the weak and strong voting areas of the district. You can make some informed guesses as to *why* the variations exist. Low registration or low voter turnout because of low income? Lack of interest in a colorless incumbent, or in the issues? Inertia because the incumbent has been there too long? Satisfaction with the incumbent's record (which most of the constituents probably know little about)? Finally, it's revealing to superimpose upon the same precinct map the ethnic makeup of the district. You'll make mistakes, but you get an idea of that makeup by scanning poll books.

Having some grasp of voting patterns in the district, you're ready to put the name and the positions of the candidate before the voter in door-to-door canvassing. Since certain areas may resent an incursion by students, each area should be pretested to ascertain whether canvassing will do good or harm, and what sort of approach best suits *those* voters. For instance, medical and nursing students, dressed in their professional "whites," could canvass a neighborhood and talk about health needs and the incumbent or challenger's views on the matter. It may be the first time a potential voter has had a "housecall" from medical personnel in years!

In some places, literature distribution, rather than knocking on doors, is the big task. It costs about $7200 for a candidate to put out a district-wide mailing, and challengers are usually hard-pressed for money. A well-heeled candidate could be planning five or ten such mailings to none of your own. But volunteers can hand deliver mailings to the doorstep of most homes and apartments in the district. It is usually

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smart strategy to spot deliver, by neighborhood, thus depriving the opponent of advance knowledge of your plans concerning direct mail contact with the voters. During such private deliveries, it may be possible to chat quietly with prospective supporters. Proceed modestly, but not apologetically. Directness, sincerity win respect.

Finally, Presidential campaigning, like the McCarthy or Kennedy operations in 1968, is different from congressional campaigning. In the former, special headquarters are set up paralleling or bypassing existing local organizations. In congressional campaigns, the local campaign manager and the candidate are the *sole* judge of policy and tactics – not the volunteers.

**Mark E. Talisman**

MR. TALISMAN *is a young but experienced campaign worker from Ohio.*

# A Report on the Two Cultures

*"Something is happening here and you don't know what it is, do you, Mr. Jones?"* – Bob Dylan

*Orange County, California*

Maybe it was the seventh-grade Sunday school class which showed me most clearly what was happening in Orange County, California – heartland of Birchism. The class knew about STP the oil additive and STP the drug, knew arguments for and against Nixon's Vietnam policy, for and against dropping the atomic bomb on Hiroshima; it wanted to talk about sex, the Apollo flight and how the US government lied to us. Or perhaps it was the young plumber who lit up a joint during a coffee break; or the two high school students I overheard discussing Jefferson and the Federalists and how encyclopedia histories are biased towards the current type of government and the possibility that foreign encyclopedias might treat history differently. Or maybe the eleventh and twelfth-graders from a Methodist church with whom I spent a weekend. There are a surprising number of radicals and drug-users among them. They share what they have with each other more than my group did when I was in high school three years ago. They resent repressive laws, police persecution of long-hairs and schools trying to mold their minds. About half of the twelfth-graders referred to police as "pigs."

And why shouldn't this be happening in Orange County? Suburbs which are affluent, boring, education-oriented ought to be perfect breeding grounds. The new environment encourages both openness and tolerance for individual differences. Southern California may be the place where encounter groups and sensitivity training first took root, and they are powerful means of social change, establishing new norms for behavior, new values.

The differences that affluence and television have produced elsewhere between kids and their Depression-age parents are found here, too. Racism is not as strong among the young as among their parents. They have learned to analyze things better than their parents and are often more aware of world events.

Marijuana has spread to the most intelligent of students and to the service clubs and church groups, which were once very "straight"; it is spreading among younger children all the time. Drugs may lead to different perceptions and values, but its mere illegality transforms the law, the police and the political structure into enemies. If parents or school officials punish drug use, they become enemies, too. The fact that many nonusers as well as users consider marijuana harmless adds to the estrangement. Drug education that their own experience doesn't always confirm (marijuana leads to heroin, destroys your mind, etc.) increases their contempt for school.

The gradual radicalization of college campuses which has happened elsewhere is happening here, centered initially on Vietnam and going beyond that. Young marines and ex-servicemen have demonstrated against the war near Camp Pendleton. But it is in the high schools where the growth of tolerance for critical thought has been most striking.

Last fall the student body president at Villa Park High refused to lead the pledge of allegiance at school assemblies, explaining his refusal in terms of opposition to the US government. When asked in a special election if they wanted him to remain in office, two-thirds of the students said yes. Students at several schools are taking part in curriculum reform. Last summer students went to the First Methodist Church of Garden Grove for classes on modern dance, writing and black studies.

The television, movies, papers and magazines they see emphasize new ideas more than they did a few years back. Underground papers have sprung up at a number of schools. Controversy was taboo in my high school's paper in 1967. Consider these issues from this year: In one, there are opinion columns on dress regulations and a school bond election. In another an article condemns Billy Graham advertisements at a school anti-drug program as a violation of separation of church and state; also favorable reviews of *The Sterile Cuckoo, The Last Days of the late, Great State of California,* and of rock albums, one of them an attack on the military-industrial complex and calling for draft resistance. Another issue has an intelligent article on life in India, a review of how the November Moratorium was observed at the school, a report on

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how students could help in nearby poverty areas, interviews with drug users.

Not everyone, of course, is affected by this atmosphere, but the magnitude of change can be seen in "mainstream" kids. One high school girl I know is active in Youth for Christ and church groups, but wore a black armband to school on moratorium days. A student body president from Buena Park told the *Orange County Evening News* he supports Nixon's Vietnam policy, but supports lower pot penalties, a volunteer army and an end to school dress regulations. He also upholds the right of the Villa Park student body president to refuse to pledge allegiance to the flag: "The kids spoke. It is their school and their government."

Meanwhile, adult politics, in Orange County grows more dismal. Some cities have passed vague anti-loitering laws to help the police to harass "hippies"; kids report that the stopping and frisking of long-hairs is commonplace. Accounts of police holding youths without a hearing and without allowing them to contact their parents are reported in the *Los Angeles Times*. I heard of similar cases. A year and a half ago, sex education was making great progress in local school districts; eighty percent of the parents in Anaheim wanted their children to take the noncompulsory classes. But a small band of well-organized reactionaries intimidated the school board into greatly restricting the program. Police in two cities raided showings of *I am Curious*.

The reaction is most intense among senior citizens, working class people and the 30-plus graduates of the Silent Generation. Most of the elderly see rampant immorality in the rising divorce rate, drugs, peace marches, topless bars and short skirts. Many workers feel their jobs and nearly all-white communities threatened by integration, and yet are angered by the idea of black separatism. Some, like construction workers, find themselves in the bewildering position of having won high incomes but not status. Even many with college education *and* status feel threatened by preferential hiring and promotion of minority groups, which is taking place in some large companies in Orange County. Most adults have little exposure to black and brown militancy or to Women's Liberation. What little they hear on TV or read in the papers of such things confuses and frightens them.

The youth form a focal point for their wrath. Voters are rejecting school bonds right and left. Outrage over the hiring of a Communist professor at UCLA, demonstrations at colleges in other states, and long-haired high school students (student pressure has forced almost all schools to loosen their hair-length and dress-length regulations) are generalized in a suspicion of all schools. One construction worker I know says he votes against school bonds in every election because of anger about "what's happening in the schools," even though his job is dependent on college construction.

It is difficult to know what will happen to the new culture in the future. Both it and the adult reaction to it have enough strength to keep growing for a time; the conflict could become really fierce. Beyond a year or so, I cannot even guess. If the new culture collapses it will not be because of repression. Repression will only radicalize the young. Some families may bridge the gap; the great concern middle-class parents have for raising their children properly is leading many towards serious attempts to understand their children. These forms of contact could easily produce adult converts or partial-converts to the counter-culture. And if this kind of change is possible in Orange County, it's more than possible elsewhere.

**Tom Goodhue**

MR. GOODHUE, *an Orange County resident for 12 years, is now a student at Stanford University.*

# Cleaning Up Foul Waters

## I-Pollution Tax

The battle against air and water pollution is going badly, where it is going at all, and if we don't understand why, there's not much hope we will do better from here on.

The environment is, so to speak, common property, owned by everyone, and thus controlled by no one. Those firms and individuals using the environment to dispose of wastes impose costs on people who use the environment for other things, such as living. Yet the waste dischargers who impose these costs are not required to take them into account in their decision-making. The use of the environment for waste dis-

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posal appears to the dischargers to have a zero price, when in fact the cost may be quite high. Dischargers thus have incentives to overuse the environment for waste disposal. Our present approach to pollution control – enforcing standards and spending public money for abatement systems – fails to correct these perverse incentives.

At present, profit-maximizing firms and tax-minimizing cities and towns have positive incentives to *continue* to pollute. Federal expenditures do not alter this. And reliance on legal enforcement proceedings has a reverse effect: it rewards firms which can win court delays or carry out long appeals of enforcement orders or violations. This encourages firms to hire lawyers and lobbyists rather than install abatement equipment, and municipalities and firms skimp on necessary operating expenses even if equipment is installed. There is no positive inducement to seek better ways of treating wastes, or alternative production processes which generate fewer wastes, or ways to recycle materials and avoid waste discharges altogether.

The whole structure can be turned around to work in favor of the environment, however, by a well-designed system of levies on all wastes being dumped into the environment. The charges would be related to the quantity and kind of polluting substance. In essence, these levies become the price of using the common property resource for waste disposal. If waste charges are properly set, they should serve as a powerful incentive to cut down pollution; that is, if polluters choose to reduce their waste output rather than pay the bill. I believe they will. At least that has been the response where municipal water waste treatment plants have imposed charges on industries that were piping their effluent into the plant. Effluent charges have been an integral part of the successful water pollution abatement strategy in the Ruhr Valley in West Germany for some time.

How is the size of the levy to be decided? In principle, the charges should reflect the damage that pollution does to all other users of the environment. We do not know enough yet about the financial cost of these damages to design the optimal set of charges. But the quality of air and water can be substantially improved, by having federal and state regulating agencies impose waste charges, and fixing the charges on the basis of the costs of treating wastes at various levels. The costs of treatment tend to rise as the degree of treatment and waste removal increases. Higher charges are necessary to induce higher levels of abatement. A regulatory agency or commission would have to determine for each river or air shed how much reduction in discharges would be required to achieve acceptable standards; it would then set charges accordingly. Charges could be raised where experience showed them to be too low.

Is this practical? Here is not the place to discuss the technical details of automatic monitoring and measurement. But we can provide the broad outlines of an answer. In the case of water pollution from industrial and municipal sources, the answer is clearly yes. The measurement systems are available, and most of the points of discharge have already been identified and cataloged by state and local authorities. Pesticide and fertilizer runoff into the rivers is another matter. This is so diffuse that it isn't feasible at present to identify sources and to measure runoff. And there are unsolved technical problems in continuously measuring some emissions into the air. It may be necessary to rely on estimates of quantities, based on records of materials processed and on periodic samples. Another air problem is the multitude of sources, including automobiles and home heating. However, periodic emissions checks may be used to determine a tax factor to be added on to the price of fuels. In both cars and heating this would provide an incentive for individuals to obtain and maintain the most up-to-date, economically feasible control equipment (or shift to nonpolluting energy sources) and to economize on the use of fuel. For solid wastes, from dumped automobiles to beer cans, the diversity of materials and points of discard pose real problems in designing an incentive system based on charges. Yet charges (which raise the cost of consuming goods which generate large quantities of solid wastes) are still the best hope of inducing a shift away from consumption items of high disposability, like elaborate packaging and nonreturnable bottles, toward greater recycling and materials recovery.

In summary, there are three major reasons for moving toward a system of levies on waste as rapidly as possible. First, where the measurement problems have been worked out, charges will be easier to administer and enforce than any alternative approach; the profit motive replaces compulsion as the primary enforcement weapon. Second, a system of charges would fundamentally change the rules of the game under which polluters operate; the incentives for delay and for less than full compliance would be replaced by economic rewards for quick compliance and for searches for new control techniques and new processes. Third, a charge system would be equitable in that it would assign responsibility for the damages

**COMING:** A report from Hollywood on what has been happening to the movie industry – by William Fadiman

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of pollution to those who cause them, and would make *them* responsible for finding the most effective and efficient way to prevent those damages.

**A. Myrick Freeman III**

MR. FREEMAN *teaches economics at Bowdoin College and is associated with Resources for the Future.*

# II-Regional Authorities

Federal anti-pollution programs, as Mr. Freeman suggests in his preceding article, are making the wrong people pay for the wrong measures to scrub up the environment. A look at the dismal history of water pollution abatement makes his point that federal legislation gives industry every incentive to continue fouling the nest. The solution will require pollution taxes, as he proposes, but perhaps he would agree with me that they alone will not suffice. The federal government must take the lead in establishing regional water treatment authorities with a mandate to clean up our rivers at the polluters' expense.

Congress began pouring money into quality improvement in 1956. The Act, still in effect, aids construction of municipal treatment plants. But some municipal plants treat only household waste, while increasing industrial abuse swamps any municipal improvement. Where city plants do process industrial waste, the federal subsidy merely discourages plants from cleaning up themselves.

In one major river basin project surveyed by the General Accounting Office, $2 million were spent on plants which reduced biochemical oxygen demand (a standard measure of pollution) by less than four percent of the load contributed by two paper plants alone. Since industrial pollution remained sufficient to clog the river with "floating and suspended solids and unsightly and foul smelling rafts," the net benefit of municipal treatment was minute. Overall, after 13 years and $1,272,219,260 in federal donations, the General Accounting Office concluded that there had been no appreciable effect on reducing pollution, improving water quality or enhancing use of waterways.

Congress was finally persuaded to shake a stick at industrial polluters in 1965, and a new Act called for states to establish water quality standards by June 30, 1967, and to achieve quality objectives within five years. But as of this January, only 25 state standards had been finally approved. Even where standards are on the books, state enforcement has been lax or nonexistent. More disturbingly, the standards themselves don't make that much sense. The standards would have all polluters subject their effluent to "secondary treatment," which removes roughly 85 percent of suspended solids and organic waste materials. The standard has a superficial fairness, but it takes no account of different plants' cost for pollution abatement, or the relation between the time and place of effluent discharge and the amount of damage done.

Secondary treatment of waste is only one method of curbing pollution. Often it is cheaper to alter industrial processes to produce less waste, or to hold back the effluent in ponds until the stream's high flow allows more complete dilution. Because costs of waste removal vary so widely among plants, an efficient clean-up plan for a river would have some plants fully purge their effluent (through "tertiary treatment"), others modify their processes, and others move out entirely. These distinctions, and the several billion dollars of resource saving they could entail, are grandly swept aside by the guidelines promulgated under the 1965 Act.

In different ways, both the Nixon and Muskie approaches risk following these earlier misdirections – Nixon's by spending too little, Muskie's by spending too much. Nixon would have the federal government contribute $4 billion toward a $10-billion, ten-year program of municipal treatment plant construction. But without a thorough crackdown on industrial pollution, this amount of municipal treatment may merely take a drop out of the bucket. Muskie proposes a $25-billion construction program over five years, half financed by federal funds. He would, in addition, ex-

*"It's too thick to drink and too thin to chew."*

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tend and tighten the water quality standards for industrial users, and subsidize regional treatment authorities. This combination of subsidized construction and rigid administrative standards, while more likely to get the job done than previous half-hearted attempts, risks major inefficiency. As at present, there would be no incentive system to ensure that pollution removal occurs when and where it is cheapest to perform, and no means for making polluters pay the full tab.

A more efficient approach, developed by Harvard economist Marc Roberts, would combine a pollution tax with regional treatment authorities. Taxes alone could give industry the right incentives to de-pollute. But they would foster firm-by-firm efforts at water treatment, although it is vastly more economical to design a treatment system for a river basin as a whole. The job can best be done by federally sponsored regional authorities, financed by self-supporting service charges on industry and, if necessary, federal subsidy for treatment of household wastes. Unless some such approach is adopted, the treasury may join the biosphere on a trip to the cleaners.

**Leonard Ross**

MR. ROSS, *former editor-in-chief of the* Yale Law Journal, *is a teaching fellow at Harvard Law School.*

## Militance among the Mexican Americans

# Chicano Power

**by Stan Steiner**

Up in the sky above the barrios of Los Angeles the leaflets fluttered like birds, strange birds in the smog. "In the spirit of a new people that is conscious of its proud historical heritage," said the airborne leaflets, "we, the Chicano inhabitants and civilizers of the northern land of Aztlan, whence came our forefathers, reclaim the land of our birth. Our blood is our power." Strollers who looked skyward that day might have thought it was a publicity stunt for a science fiction movie; or was Aztlan the name of a new brand of cigarettes. Few of the passersby would have believed that these were political leaflets, that quite seriously proclaimed the somewhat premature rebirth of the lost Kingdom of the Aztecs.

Aztlan! It was the ancient Kingdom of the Montezuma, Emperor of the Aztecs, that had vanished from history in 1513, when the Spanish Conquistadors conquered Mexico. In the spring of 1970 the word, Aztlan, has become a symbol of the political revolt of the Chicanos, as the young Mexican Americans call themselves, in the barrios throughout the Southwest.

"I see all over the Southwest [something] quite different from a melting pot. I see a boiling pot," says Dr. Ernesto Galarza, the "dean" of Chicano leaders in California, ex-farm worker, scholar and "grandfather of the Chicano movement."

The Chicanos of the Southwest have less voice in government than any people in the country, except for the Indians. It is estimated by Henry Quevedo, Nixon's adviser on Mexican American Affairs that there are eight to 10 million Chicanos, the country's second largest minority. Were representation in the US Congress proportionate to the population there would be from 15 to 25 Chicano congressmen. There are four.

In the Southwest there is not one large city – Phoenix, El Paso, Albuquerque, San Antonio, Denver, Tucson, Los Angeles, or even Fresno – with a Chicano mayor. There is not a state anywhere with a Chicano governor. There is one US senator, Joseph Montoya of New Mexico, where tradition insists on a bicultural split in that state's hyphenated politics. There is one Chicano in the legislature of California, Assemblyman Alex Garcia, though that state has more than two million Chicanos. There is not a single Chicano councilman in the City of Los Angeles, though an estimated one million Chicanos live in the metropolitan area alone. "Let's face it. Neither party has been particularly relevant to the barrios," says a highly placed Chicano official in the Nixon Administration; "We have been ignored by both parties."

A feeling of apathy has been the traditional response of the disenfranchised. "The word Politics like Sex was a bad word," wrote *El Chicano*, a barrio newspaper in the slums of San Bernardino, California. In the rural villages as dour an attitude was noted by the *New Mexican*, of Santa Fe: " 'Politics' remains a dirty word and accusation."

In their disdain of politics the barrio residents left

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the electoral system in the hands of the *jefe politico* – the local "political chief," or *Tio Tomas*, Uncle Tom. In his heyday the *jefe politico* traded the needs of the poor for votes. The "hidden vote" of the barrios has been a surreptitious protest vote for years. It has influenced political shifts in Texas, New Mexico and California. Senator John Tower of Texas, owed his election in 1966, local barrio politicos claimed, to their "quiet campaign" of cross voting to register their dissatisfaction with the Democratic candidate. In New Mexico, Governor Cargo feels his first election was due to the "anger of the Hispano at being bossed by, then ignored by, the Democratic machines." In California the defeat of Humphrey in '68 was paced by a switch in barrio precincts from a 95 percent Democratic vote to a 35 percent Republican vote. It was "Dump the Democrats year," quipped California's most influential Chicano politico, Bert Corona, then head of the Mexican American Political Association (MAPA). "We were a 'captive audience,' " he recalled; "so we had to show them we are independent."

In one decade the Chicano population increased by 37 percent in Texas, 51 percent in Arizona, and 87 percent in California. So too, the Chicano vote has grown enormously. At least 400,000 new voters were registered in the barrios of California alone, during the fifteen years from 1950 to 1965.

It was the quiet discontent and the foreboding of an electoral revolt in the barrios that led to the formation by President Johnson in 1967 of the Inner-Agency Committee on Mexican American Affairs. The "benign neglect" of the Chicanos has since progressed from the vulgar to the sardonic. In the autumn of 1969 a bill, introduced by Senator Montoya to extend the life of the President's committee (rechristened the Cabinet Commitee on Opportunity for the Spanish Speaking), passed the Senate and was sent to the House. It was "lost" for four months. Embarrassed by this denouement, its Senate sponsors instituted a hectic search for the missing bill. It was found in the House Foreign Affairs committee. Someone had assumed that "Mexican American Affairs" was a "foreign problem."

Popeye, immortalized in a larger than life statue blesses the town of Crystal City, Texas. He is the patron saint of the economy in the rural community, and in his hand he holds a can of spinach, the manna of this "Spinach Capitol of the Country." A quiet, dusty farmtown on the West Texas prairie, its 10,000 citizens are typically divided by the railroad tracks that run through the middle of its Main Street. On one side live the Mexican American farmworkers, who are 85 percent of the population, and on the other live the Anglo ranchers, who own 95 percent of the farms.

One year, in the mid-sixties, the Chicanos decided to challenge City Hall. They elected their own mayor. Yet "nothing changed" in the town's landscape of power and poverty, says Jose Angel Guitierrez. A local boy, the son of a barrio doctor, he returned to Crystal City with a Master's Degree from St. Mary's University, in San Antonio, in his pocket and a plan for "social revolution" in his fist.

Guitierrez, while at the university, was the founder of MAYO, the Mexican American Youth Organization, then a Ford Foundation-financed group of student activists (funds have since been withdrawn because of the group's "political activities"). He brought his abstract idea of "Chicano nationalism" into practical politics. In Crystal City, he and his young adherents, established an independent party, *La Raza Unida*, in an attempted "takeover" of the town's school board, the city council, and the county government. They envisioned an economic shake-up that would lead to the establishment of Chicano-owned shops and cooperatives.

"If it works here," he says, "it's the model for Texas – rural, city, anywhere." Within a few months *La Raza Unida* party startled Texas politicians by winning the school board election. Like many local activists young Guitierrez believes "integration is not possible," in Texas. "In the history of the country there has never been equality between Anglos and Chicanos," says Guitierrez; "self-determination will not be attained until there is *power* on both sides."

Onetime titular leader of the Democratic Party in West Texas, County Commissioner Albert Pena, of San Antonio (Bexar County) has thrown his political power behind the independent party of the young Chicanos. "These young people are the wave of the future. If things are going to change in Texas, they are going to do it. The Chicano is more determined and more militant. He is no longer asking, he is demanding. We already have a Chicano party, *La Raza Unida*, on the ballot in three Texas counties. It's the only way we can win."

The mobility of a barrio "swing vote," and the desire for political independence, has brought support to the young Chicanos from officials in Washington. "I see a Chicano party as a 'Declaration of Political Independence.' " says Henry Quevedo. "So I am all for such activity, if it helps the Chicano. We have had mainly 'walkout politics,' until now. That is, we voted against those we opposed. Now we are beginning to make affirmative choices, in our own interests. Chicanos will no longer vote for 'the good of the country.' Chicanos will vote for the good of Chicanos."

Not every *politico* in the barrios is quite as enthusiastic about the new politics of the young Chicanos. The most uncompromising critic is the bull-jawed, tall, and politically powerful congressman, Henry Gonzales, of Texas. In angry speeches on the floor of the House this spring, the Texas lawmaker attacked the formation of the Chicano party, *La Raza Unida*, in his

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STAN STEINER's La Raza – The Mexican Americans, *has just been published by Harper and Row.*

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district, as "reverse racism" . . . "as evil as the deadly hatred of the Nazis." Young Chicanos who delude themselves that "the wearing of fatigues and a beard makes (them) revolutionaries" are the "new racists," Congressman Gonzales said. He feared that the "politics of race" – "Only one thing counts to them, loyalty to *la raza*, above all" – might lead to race riots in the barrios of Texas. "I stand for classless, raceless politics," the congressman concluded. His strong stand incurred the wrath of the young activists. Yet, none has dared oppose Gonzales' bid for reelection.

When the Texas congressman addressed students at St. Mary's University, a fist fight erupted and the young activists staged a walkout. The *Carta Editorial* of California, while praising the congressman's civil rights record, noted its "sorrow" that "his lack of understanding of his own people" had introduced "the generation gap" into the barrios. "The youth are angry," wrote the California journal, "not only at the *gringos*, they are angry at their parents, at Congressman Gonzales' generation, who they feel let them down"; scolding in the Congressional Record, "will not stop them, they will be heard, even if their language sounds uncouth to our ears. . . ."

And yet, even some of the Chicano activists view the independent parties with suspicion. Gilbert Ballejo, a barrio organizer in Albuquerque, where he ran as an independent for the local school board, is dubious; "Like everything else, a third party can be manipulated. Like the vote, it too, can give an illusion of power where there is none."

In Denver, at the barrio bastion of the Crusade for Justice, where the *Plan de Aztlan* was originally proposed, its young, politically astute leader, Rololfo "Corky" Gonzales, scoffs at these doubters and critics. He has urged the formation of a National Independent Chicano Party; not a third party, "in the Anglo sense," Gonzales insists. It will be "a revolutionary party by and for La Raza." "Nationalism," he argues, "transcends political barriers, religious barriers, social and class barriers. We need a party of all our people. We will use it to unite our people. . . . There are more Chicanos in Illinois than in Colorado. There are more Chicanos in Michigan than in New Mexico." "Corky" Gonzales is an exemplar of the "New Breed" of young Chicanos. In his office, with the *Virgin de Guadalupe*, patron saint of La Raza, on the wall behind him, and a poster of Che Guevara at his side, he muses about the improbabilities of politics. As a youth Gonzales had been a National and International Amateur boxing champion; he entered politics to become Colorado's state chairman of the *Viva Kennedy* campaign for whom he turned out the largest precinct majorities in the state. Later, he was chairman of the Denver War On Poverty Board.

On his desk he no longer has the picture of the murdered President, with its message, "To Corky – John F. Kennedy." Instead he has the poems of Lorca. He talks now in poetic images: "We don't need anymore godlike leaders. We don't need any more paper tiger *politicos*. We don't need any more Anglo hypocrisy. We need people who have *machismo*, who have beautiful hearts, who have free Chicano minds."

At the Chicano Youth Liberation Conference, which the Crusade for Justice holds each spring, the 2500 delegates from hundreds of student and youth clubs, and barrios as far away as Alaska, heard Gonzales propose a "Congress of Aztlan," to inaugurate programs of economic development, community health plans, an "independent Chicano school system," "free Chicano universities," law enforcement "by ourselves" for the "independent nation of Aztlan." He urged "An Appeal to the United Nations" for a plebiscite to be held in the Southwest. "Chicanos are already a nation," a policy statement of the conference declared. If they do not have their own land, they are merely in the position of the "Jews before Israel" was recognized.

Late last February, two hundred civic and community, veteran and patriotic, conservative and militant groups gathered at the Congress of Mexican American Unity in East Los Angeles. "We here in Aztlan [the Southwest]," they said, "understand full well that our own liberation as well as that of our *carnales* [brothers, or Soul Brothers] in Anahuac [old Mexico] is basically one of delivering ourselves from the exploitation and repression of imperialist forces."

The six hundred delegates were not a haphazard group of motley radicals without a constituency. Every element of barrio life, with few exceptions, was represented. At the beginning of the meeting 210 barrio groups were affiliated with the Congress of Mexican American Unity; by the time the resolutions had been voted there were 304 member organizations and local clubs. "We have to speak with one voice," said Esteban Torres, the newly elected president of the Congress of Mexican American Unity. The young, university educated Torres, a former International Representative of the United Auto Workers, in Washington, D.C. ("Special Assistant for Latin America") had recently returned to the barrio in which he grew up. "I gave up my romantic job, my trips to Rio de Janiero, to come home where I belong."

In years past the droning meetings of barrio groups like the Congress of Mexican American Unity were dubbed "Endorsement Conferences." Democratic and Republican candidates came before them, ate *enchiladas*, offered promises and were "endorsed." But, this year not a single Anglo politician, on either the Democratic or Republican ticket, was endorsed. The delegates voted for only Chicanos.

"Political sophistication has come of age in the barrios," was the pleased comment of Estaban Torres. "We are building a 'Chicano Power' bloc to deal with the power structure."

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Thoughts on Feeding the Hungry

# More or Less People

## by Wayne H. Davis

Population alarmists tell us that it is urgent that we increase food production, doubling or tripling today's harvests by the year 2000 in order to feed adequately the burgeoning billions. People like the Paddock brothers, Georg Borgstrom, and René Dumont imply that the production of food for the expected seven billion people is man's greatest challenge. Dumont and Rosier in their recent book, *The Hungry Future*, even go so far as to say that the world population explosion would not be a serious problem if food production were keeping pace. This is nonsense.

They and others who write about our numbers doubling in the next 35 years are extrapolating the human population growth curve, assuming that growth will continue uninterrupted at 2 percent per year. But when I look at the population growth curve (printed on pg. 20), I view it as a population ecologist and recognize it as an unstable and temporary phenomenon which cannot continue. That population will crash before the year 2000.

George Wald, Nobel prize-winning biologist at Harvard, was recently quoted as saying that life on earth is threatened with extinction within the next 15 to 30 years. When a scientist makes a statement like that, you can figure that either he is a nut or he has carefully studied the situation and knows what he is talking about. Before you write George Wald off as a nut you should stop to think that nearly every other scientist who has been studying these problems is also predicting massive tragedy for mankind. Remember that medicine has not conquered the virus diseases, that as people become more crowded diseases spread more readily, and that our modern transportation system could distribute an infectious disease around the world within a few days.

If thermonuclear war or disease do not control our population, toxic products of our civilization will. With our overpopulated world, rising industralization and modern agriculture, we are releasing into the environment ever increasing quantities of hundreds of toxic substances, such as lead, arsenic, mercury, carbon monoxide, oxides of sulphur and nitrogen, pesticides, herbicides and radioactive wastes. All of these have already caused serious problems at various places on our spaceship earth, resulting in the death of plants or animals, or death or diseases in man.

Anyone in the health profession knows that for a toxin the critical factor is concentration; as concentrations rise, more trouble will appear. Those who wonder why the sudden concern about pollution should realize that concentrations of toxins are just now getting high enough to be critical.

Modern biology teaches us that basic life processes are essentially the same in all species. A toxin interferes with basic life processes. A substance that's toxic to one organism is toxic to others; only the degree of sensitivity varies. Therefore when we realize the concentrations of DDT in our environment are now high enough to have set the stage for extinction of the brown pelican, bald eagle, peregrine falcon, and other birds, it should be plain that the ecosystem upon which man's survival depends is doomed. These birds are equivalent to the canaries taken down into the coal mines to test for poisonous gas.

Although we in the United States recognize that DDT is dangerous, and our use of it has declined steadily, your friendly poison peddlers in this country produce it in even greater quantities. In 1968 they produced 69,000 tons, up one third from the previous year. Nearly 80 percent was exported and half of it went for the malaria control programs which have been so successful in lowering human deaths from this disease, and which, combined with our food giveaway program, have allowed these people in the malaria infested regions to increase their numbers by about 50 percent over the past 15 years.

The food production boys tell us that in order to feed themselves, the so-called underdeveloped nations of the world will have to increase their use of pesticides sixfold. Since DDT is the cheapest and these nations the poorest, that pesticide will be used. Yet it is common knowledge that DDT adversely affects species in the various links of the marine food chain from algae to fish and birds. New and more drastic effects are seen each year. DDT is the probable cause of the collapse of the herring fishery of the North Sea where Iceland's major industry has fallen by more than 90 percent since 1966. It is likely involved in the decline of our haddock landings from 50,000 tons in 1964 to 10,000 in 1969 due to spawning failures.

As little as 10 parts per billion of DDT in ocean

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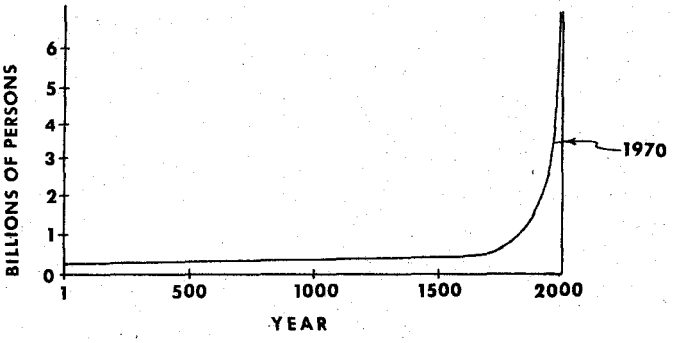
water inhibits photosynthesis in marine algae. Not only are algae the base of the food chain upon which all other marine life depend, but they also produce 70 to 90 percent of the world's oxygen. It has been argued that oxygen production is inconsequential because upon decomposition the plant demands oxygen equal to the amount released. However, the standing crop of green plants represents oxygen released to the air; their death and decay would remove it. Thus the death of the oceans, foreseen by Paul Ehrlich within a decade or so, may mean the end of the ball game. Certainly, it will bring major tragedy, for the food production boys tell us we must double the harvests from the ocean by 1989 to provide food for people.

DDT is just one example of a toxin whose concentration has been rising until it threatens the existence of man. So many other factors are reaching critical levels, and are decending upon us all at once, that piecemeal solutions cannot save us. Unless population growth is stopped or we have a population crash soon, our efforts to control pollution are a waste of time.

Air pollution levels are now critical. Not only do radio stations announce when it is unsafe for children to play outdoors in Chicago and in Los Angeles–and air pollution is killing trees 60 miles from the cities–but within the past year there have appeared three papers in the scientific literature describing the effects of recent developments in air pollution on weather patterns in the United States. Two of these have most ominous forebodings. One describes the effects of filth plumes over the great cities in seeding clouds and causing premature precipitation. When one recognizes that the rainfall for our prairie farm belt originates over the Gulf of Mexico, he should be disturbed as pollution levels rise in Houston or New Orleans.

Another paper described the effect of tiny particles such as are produced by your idling auto at a rate of one billion per second (whose numbers apparently are enhanced by antipollution devices on cars and smokestacks), in creating a mist which decreases the amount of sunlight reaching the earth. For years air pollution has decreased the amount of sunlight coming into the cities, but this new development is reported from the wilderness areas. In other words, air pollution problems are no longer restricted to the industrial areas, and since plant growth is dependent upon sunlight, crop production can be directly inhibited.




Thus the technologists who, in their book, *The Next Hundred Years*, foresee a 25-fold increase in the use of fossil fuels by a totally industrialized world for the decades ahead, are as ignorant of basic ecology as are the agronomists. So are the power tycoons with Consolidated Edison and the AEC who tell us that power demand in the United States will double within this decade. I think power usage will be less than it is today. We could increase the prospects of our survival by outlawing advertising designed to increase power consumption and reversing the discriminatory rate structures that reward those who consume the most power. And don't let them fool you with ideas about unlimited supply of clean nuclear power. Garrett Hardin's basic ecological law ("You can never do just one thing") applies here. That the rush to more and ever larger nuclear reactors may be the most ecologically insane thing we've come up with yet has been noted by Sheldon Novick in *The Careless Atom*.

It is sometimes said that the problem of feeding people is one of distribution, not production. Although this is true, it is an oversimplification. Let's examine in some detail the Great Wheat Glut and its lesson to those who advocate the redistribution of food so as to feed the hungry people of the world.

The major wheat producers of the world are Russia, the United States, Canada, Argentina and Australia. Russia, by far the largest producer, does not supply the starving free world. In fact, she usually imports wheat from Canada. The latter four nations are the world's only significant exporters.

The harvest of 1969 was the greatest mass of wheat the world has ever known. This was due primarily to the chance occurrence of favorable weather in all the wheat countries, but in part to the influence of better practices and new strains in Mexico, India and Pakistan. The result is a massive surplus and a crash of world market prices. In Canada, where storage bins were full with a record 850 million bushels, a new crop of 650 million bushels was harvested. Her communist customers canceled their annual standing order because their own wheat crops fulfilled their needs. So one might think that this year the hungry people of the world will be well fed and able to produce a larger crop of children. But the world's wheat surplus will not go to feed hungry people. With a wheat glut and falling prices the exporter nations cannot afford to give their grain to starving people even if they wanted to. Only the US has been able to give away grain.

The Canadian farmer is in serious trouble because of wheat prices. With $65 million in last year's loans still unpaid the Canadian government has increased its cash advances against unsold wheat to $6000 per farm. Obviously the Canadians must sell their wheat to the highest bidder and take their losses; the wheat will go to produce meat for Americans and Europeans.

Here we can see one of the simple lessons of agri-

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cultural economics which should help the reader to understand why the farmers never get a fair deal and why we are always hopelessly bogged down in federal controls, price supports and crop surpluses. The farmer's customers are every person on earth. But with most of the world's people in grinding poverty which deepens every year, the average customer cannot be expected to provide daily margin of profit which could be considered a generous contribution to the standard of living of a Canadian farmer. On the other hand, he who markets automobiles, jewelry or furs has only selected customers who are known to be well off and his margin of profit is substantial. As long as our system demands that every person alive be fed but not that he be supplied with automobiles, jewelry, furs, etc., the farmer will be poor while the merchants become wealthy.

So we will feed the wheat to farm animals. Wheat is not a feed grain; feeding it exclusively leads to digestive problems in livestock. Nevertheless, farm experts have developed programs to use up the wheat which the starving people cannot afford. Thus the *Farm Journal* for October says to feed wheat to cattle and in November to feed wheat to pigs. It also says that Canada plans to export grain surplus as beef. She brings in feeder cattle from the United States, fattens them on wheat, and sells them back to us.

We also have hungry people in the United States, generally estimated at about 15 million. They are hungry for the same reason as are people in the rest of the world; they can less afford grain to eat than the affluent can afford it to feed to pigs.

The White House Conference on Food Nutrition and Health on November 29, 1969, said that hunger in America is so widespread and serious that President Nixon should declare a state of emergency under the disaster relief act. They asked that such action be taken to provide funds to eliminate hunger in this nation in 1970 and poverty within the next few years. Implementing these requests would show the nation once again a strange paradox: you cannot eliminate hunger simply by feeding hungry people. They reproduce, and reproduction is as rapid as the level of nutrition intake will allow.

Let me illustrate this. In the United States and Canada is a small religious sect called the Hutterites on which good demographic data are available. Since they are fanatically opposed to birth control, are never killed in auto accidents or wars, and take advantage of the best in modern medicine, they should be the most rapidly growing human population on earth.

The average completed family size of the Hutterite family is 10.4 children. Thus the average couple has 108 grandchildren, 1125 great grandchildren, and lives to see the first few of their 11,703 great, great, grandchildren arrive. Crude birth rates and death rates for the Hutterites are 45.9 and 4.4 per thousand, respectively. However, there are 34 hungry nations which have birth rates as high as or higher than the Hutterites. These include some larger nations such as Nigeria with a population of 54 million and a birth rate of 50, and Pakistan with 131 million people and a birth rate of 52.

These nations have rather high infant mortality rates indicating that modern medicine still has much progress to make there. The death rate in Nigeria is 25. Now if our missionaries will go over there and work on this high death rate problem we might bring it down to 5 (the current rate in Hong Kong and Singapore). Then we could give these people the benefit of a growth rate which would double their numbers in 16 years and give them 3.6 billion people, the current population of the world, within a century. Apply the same sound practice of medical care plus food for the hungry to Pakistan and she would have a rate of increase that would give her a potential of over 13 billion people within 100 years.

Thus hungry people can outbreed the ability of this nation or any other to supply their food. We learned this once before with public law 480 with which we provided $15 billion worth of food to the hungry nations. The result was a dramatic increase in the number of hungry people, lowering of per capita food consumption and general living conditions, and a decline in the efforts of these nations to feed themselves. Recognizing this fact, an editorial in the February 1969, *Bioscience* said, "Because it creates a vicious cycle that compounds human suffering at a high rate, the provision of food to the malnourished populations of the world that cannot or will not take very substantial measures to control their own reproductive rates is inhuman, immoral, and irresponsible."

The above statement is just as sound when applied to Americans as to Egyptians. To guarantee to feed all the descendents that the poor can produce is to make certain that we cannot uphold the guarantee. Not only will such a program assure an ever increasing proportion of people on welfare (according to *Time* the number in New York City alone doubled during Mayor Lindsay's first term; in Kentucky the doubling time is less than 7 years for the number of children on welfare despite efforts to screen new applicants most closely) and the collapse of society; it also blots out the chances of the hungry ever to attain a decent standard of living. The more children in a family the more the money required to raise them, and the less the chance of the family ever becoming self-sufficient.

It is time we faced our responsibilities. Those who call for increased food production in the world are asking that we make a grave problem still more grave. Responsible people must oppose any food distribution plan that is not tied to a program of birth control and a genuine effort to help the recipients break the poverty cycle.

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# Stanley Kauffmann on films

## The Passion of Anna

(United Artists)

Ingmar Bergman's *Shame* had part of its origin, I thought, in Bergman's impulse to use some qualities of his "company" of actors in a certain situation, and his new film heightens this sense of collaboration and continuity. He is the only director now working whose new films grow organically out of his preceding ones: in continuity of locale, of associates, of almost diaristic closeness to the director's inner experience. It becomes increasingly plain that Bergman wants this continuity to be seen as part of his esthetics.

He indicates this in several ways besides the ones mentioned above. There are recurrent names among his characters. Just one example from his latest film, *The Passion of Anna:* Vergérus, the architect, echoes Dr. Vergérus in *The Magician.* There are "quotations" from past work: a dream in this new film looks like an out-take from *Shame.* And there are subtler references: the camera fixes for several minutes on Liv Ullmann telling a story, as it did in *Hour of the Wolf* and *Shame;* the final fade is to white, not black, and *Persona,* after the titles faded in from white.

And what is all this continuity in aid of? Since 1961, ever since he settled on Sven Nykvist as his cinematographer, Bergman has made eight feature films. With the exception of the disastrous comedy, *All These Women,* all of them are contemporary; most of them take place in "Bergman country," the Swedish countryside or coast seen in haunted and haunting light; all of them have small casts and the effect of spiritual microscopy. With quiet seriousness, Bergman has addressed the largest questions that can still be asked: questions about faith, wholeness, love as an idea and love as practice, hope, the persistence of the beast, the teasings of truth – of the possibility of truth. As Bergman has reduced his means and distilled his thought, he has also moved towards this continuity of collaborators and terrain, as part of the process of distillation, so that artistic means *in themselves* would help the sense of concentration, and would carry implicit references. The very face of Max von Sydow reminds us of his pilgrimages, in other Bergman characters, through related crises.

The original title of this new film was *A Passion.* The change for America is a double distortion because Anna is not the protagonist and because it makes the word "passion" sexual, where it was presumably intended to have its religious meaning. The new film's place as part of the Bergman continuum is clear throughout and is emphasized at the end. As the protagonist disappears from view, the narrator's voice says: "This time he was called Andreas Winkelman."

Andreas (played by von Sydow) has separated from his wife and now lives alone with his books and daily chores on that familiar Bergman island. We never learn what his past work was. Nearby is the country place of a successful Stockholm architect (Erland Josephson) and his wife Eva (Bibi Andersson). Their house guest is Anna (Liv Ullmann), a widow who was driving the car in which her husband and small son were killed. In the course of time, Andreas has a brief but affectionate affair with Eva, who loves her husband but simply lacks the wholeness for fidelity. (It is gently hinted that the husband knows of this affair; he certainly knows about a past one.) Then Anna, the widow, comes to live with Andreas and, through a year or so, they have some tenderness and some fights. Toward the end they have a violent quarrel in which he beats her.

I omit many, many fascinating details, which are not so much details of a story as of four lives. But one element essential to mention here is a killer on the island, a slaughterer of animals. We get a distant glimpse of this man very early, when he snares Andreas' dachshund in a noose. Then eight sheep are killed one night, and the frightened islanders assault a lonely old man because of it, simply because he was once in a mental hospital and they must have a culprit. Despondent, the old man hangs himself. After the suspect's suicide, another farmer's barn is set on fire and his horse killed. Andreas goes to this fire just after his fierce fight with Anna. She comes to call for him and, as they drive home, they talk calmly about separating. Then he asks why she came to the fire to fetch him, and she replies, "I came to ask your forgiveness." After he has beaten her! She drives off the road (a small parody of the accident she was in earlier), and the car halts. Andreas gets out, and she drives on.

Then comes the very last scene, a long shot of Andreas pacing back and forth; the camera slowly zooms in, the texture gets more and more grainy and white, and as the screen blanches out, we are just able to see Andreas fall to his knees. All during the slow zoom, we hear the ticking of a clock. This is a reference to the clock we heard much earlier when Andreas read a letter he had taken from Anna's pocketbook: a letter from her (dead) husband which tells the unhappy truth about the marriage that she boasts of as happy.

This last scene sums up a good deal of the film's concerns. Andreas is a withdrawn man with a strong streak of violence in him, who thought he had (literally) beaten his way out of an involvement that had come to chafe him, but who finds that he has been accepted in the truth of what he is – which frightens him. Yet has Anna accepted the *truth?* The ticking reminds us of the letter, of Anna's power of self-deception, that she doesn't lie in the ordinary sense but has a terrible capacity to convert unpleasantness to fit her need for affirmation. As the film finishes, Andreas' passion does not finish; he sees that knowing about this propensity in Anna will not free him of her, any more than knowledge of his own weaknesses has freed him of his old self – despite his island retreat in a rite of self-purification. Purity and consistency are not possible; to live is to contradict yourself. To be aware of the contradictions and to bear them *without resignation* is the final passion.

But this film is not a fable leading to a moral. Its real purpose is to exist: to present some lives for a time, sounding chords by combinations of elements within and between each of them – and using the violence on the island as a sounding-board behind them. The fact that the film has pulse but no plot, motion forward but no neat conclusion, emphasizes that it is part of the Bergman continuum: a self-contained chap-

(*Continued on page 32*)

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# John Wain: Art, Play and Protest

## Local Anaesthetic
by Günter Grass
Translated by Ralph Manheim
(Harcourt, Brace & World; $6.95)

## Trial Poems
by Daniel Berrigan and Thomas Lewis
(Beacon Press; $17.50)

## The Trial of the Catonsville Nine
by Daniel Berrigan
(Beacon Press; $5.95)

A man is at the dentist's. The relationship is no casual one. He will have to make a long series of visits because the dentist is undertaking a task both elaborate and delicate: to cure the man's malocclusion. This involves grinding off all his lower front teeth and replacing them with caps. This will cure the man's underslung bite and normalize the expression of his face, especially when smiling.

The dentist has a television set in his surgery, to help patients to pass the time and forget their sufferings. The man watches the television set. Sometimes he sees programs that are actually being transmitted, sometimes he peoples the empty screen with his imaginings. He also talks to the dentist. The dentist disapproves of the man's views on social and political progress. He is a schoolteacher, forty years old, and continual contact with revolutionary-minded youth has infected him with a certain wish for radical new beginnings, an impulse to lay the axe to the root of all existing institutions, even if this involves a certain amount of violence. The dentist disapproves of this. His views of progress, like the schoolteacher's, are influenced by his profession. Dentistry has improved greatly over the past fifty years, not by scrapping the whole idea of dentistry and beginning again, but by a patient amelioration which tries many experiments and does not give up because some of them prove a waste of time. Patience and a cautious optimism have paid dental dividends. Why should they not pay social dividends? That is the viewpoint of the good man in the white coat. The two men argue seriously and exhaustively, for they are Germans.

The teacher is not so sure. He has a troubled personal history. In the closing months of the war, he was a juvenile delinquent, roaming the streets to steal and smash. Caught, sent into a punitive battalion, later painfully rehabilitated into civilian life, his experience has been to some extent the diagram of the German experience generally. He is also smarting from being rejected by his fiancee, though the rejection took place some years ago. This high-spirited girl is the daughter of a former General who spends his time refighting the battles lost by the German armies. The daughter treats him with cool contempt, and this attempt appears to have spilled over on to our hero, the dental patient, since he obsessively projects on to the empty television screen an image of this girl wrapped in cellophane at the bottom of a huge deep-freeze, filled with all kinds of goodies.

The teacher has another worry. One of his students, a lad of seventeen or so, is obsessed by the horror of napalm as used by the United States forces in Vietnam. To bring others to share his concern, he plans to lead his pet dachshund on to a fashionable Berlin street, outside the plate glass of a café where the wives of prosperous businessmen eat sticky cakes in the afternoons, and there to pour gasoline on him and set him on fire. The teacher tries to dissuade him from this extreme course; the dentist, listening with detached sympathy to the story, also offers to guide the young man away from his radical fanaticism, and makes an appointment to examine his teeth as a means of introduction. The youth's girl-friend, also a pupil at the school, is incensed that the teacher should be urging caution and procrastination and sapping her sweetheart's revolutionary manhood, and makes continual threats against him.

This is a partial account of the 'story' of Günter Grass's latest book, *Local Anaesthetic* (Ortlich Betaubt). Anyone who knows the work of Grass, however, will have realized that the story is there primarily to serve as a framework for the author's Protean fertility of imagination and that slightly less intense, more tinselly quality that we have agreed to call not imagination but fancy. Grass has both imagination and fancy, and as he sweeps along he does not pause, nor allow the reader to pause, to ask which is in play at the moment. At certain times in the past this might have been a disadvantage to him. Today, it is an advantage, because modern literature is Ovidian, and the Ovidian style makes use of fancy and imagination indifferently.

When I say that Ovid provides the essential bearing, I mean this. Virgil and Ovid are the two great polarizing types of classical Western literature. Whereas Virgil gives one the sense that everything he writes about is external and unchangeable – Rome's destiny is fixed, Rome can never alter, the heroic virtues will always be what they are now – Ovid gives the opposite impression: everything is flowing, changing; all shapes are melting continually into one another, the great law of life is that nothing can stay still.

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All modern writers, insofar as they are specifically modern, are Ovidian whether they have ever heard of Ovid or not. *The Waste Land* is the first major Ovidian poem of modern times, even going out of its way to achieve the same flowing and shifting quality as the *Metamorphoses* when this is irrelevant to its main purpose (why, for instance, should Tiresias take over the viewpoint of all the characters in turn? What, essentially, is Tiresias doing in the poem at all? He is there simply to make it more like Ovid), and Eliot had studied Latin at Harvard under E. K. Rand, who had written a widely influential book on Ovid and undoubtedly loved that poet. (For good measure I will add the detail that the small private press that first issued Pound's *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley* was called The Ovid Press.)

Grass is very Ovidian. One sees it in his poems, where fancy predominates, and in a novel like *Dog Years*, which tells the story of recent German history through the consciousness of a Danzig sheepdog belonging to Hitler. He is an Ovid whose fanciful copiousness is put at the service of a social and historic conscience. This makes him a very important, and very refreshing, figure in contemporary literature. He is as 'committed' as the next man, but he is by nature incapable of falling into the dreary error of supposing that 'committed' literature cannot rise above the imaginative level of the printed instructions on a can of beans. He knows, perhaps with his conscious mind or perhaps simply with his artist's instinct, that all art includes an element of play, of escape from mere grim literalness; and that it makes its deepest and most serious utterances with the aid of this play-element. The choruses in Aeschylus are not trying to persuade us that this is their normal way of talking, any more than an operatic aria is meant to sound like someone humming in the bath; and the fact that things have circled round to a low point at which these things have once more to be said, is some indication of where our machine-civilization stands in relation to the arts.

If we take, for instance, that good and brave man, Father Daniel Berrigan, S.J., we find a sad case of the fallacy that art, to speak serious truths, must stop being art. Father Berrigan is a gifted poet; he must also be a well-read and subtle-minded man, if only because you don't get to be a Jesuit without these qualities; but in *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine*, we see the grim business of forcing the arts to hand in their civilian clothes and put on regulation prison dress. Because truth is going to be told. But wasn't truth told in the parables of Jesus? And aren't they superb art, great translucent jewels of pure metaphor?

Not that *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine* is anything less than a moving and important book. It records the trial in a Baltimore Federal court (October 5-9, 1968) of the nine people who took pride in admitting that they had burned two large baskets of Selective Service records, thereby seriously embarrassing the administrative machinery of the draft in their area. The strategy of the book is to play off the deliberately unworked, unadorned, uninterpreted document against the high dramatic moment. Art, according to this theory, will result from the sheer disparity. The transcript of each person's defense, and of various remarks by the Judge and counsel, is put into a shape that looks like verse on the page, doubtless to encourage us to read it as poetry; and of course there must have been considerable selection, since the transcript is not given in its entirety. Beyond that, no art.

The paradox is that, while the Catonsville trial will live as a significant page in history, it is a book like *Local Anaesthetic* that will stay active in the memory. If we want to know what it felt like to live at the end of the 1960s, when so many people of all kinds – wise, foolish, original, conformist, good, bad – were giving their energies to protest, it is the imaginary account that will tell us, simply because it is fuller, more colored, more charged with the vibrations that, in the literal account offered by Father Berrigan, we have to supply for ourselves as we read.

"In composing this book," Father Berrigan writes, "I have worked directly with the data of the trial record, somewhat in the manner of the new 'factual theater.'" The factual theater is also an illusion, springing as it does from the conviction that a street-corner political meeting is a more exciting and more important place than a theater where a play is being performed. For some minds, it is: and the place of these minds is at street-corner meetings where they can feed happily on undigested experience. That they have over-run the theater is simply a consequence of the great aesthetic fallacy of our time, the notion that art, which works by distancing and stylizing experience, is an artificial filter which can only weaken the force inherent in its subject-matter.

Documentary is too simple. Totalitarian governments like documentary art because it suits them to have the complexity of experience chopped down to a few basic shapes or misshapes. But the actual quality of human experience is only to be grasped by an instrument both powerful and subtle. Art is that instrument. Only an imaginative and disciplined person is capable of it. Father Berrigan is capable of it but most of the time refuses to allow his gift its full magnificent play because of his allegiance to a mistaken theory of literal truthfulness.

To poetry. Some of the young poets I have been reading lately, in a bemused half-admiring way, strike me as men who would be good artists if they lived in a time when art was understood. They write as if trying to imitate the sort of poetry written by a computer, or they produce poems that look like notes and first drafts.

One of the many reasons why Günter Grass is so much more interesting than these other writers is that he has succeeded in conveying, very exactly, the quandary we face today when we think about human individuality. A hundred years ago, everyone was very sure that individuality existed and that it was a precious possession. The people in Dickens, for instance, go about in heavily armoured little tanks of personality, forever colliding with one another. Gradually that altered. Depth-psychology, the abandonment of *laissez-faire* in all reaches of life, a new and helpless sense of being processed united with a new hopefulness about community: "You mustn't look in my novels," writes Lawrence to a friend, "for the old stable ego of character." ("I, Tiresias have foresuffered all . . .") This process went faster and faster, take-off point being reached in our time, when the young feel that individual consciousness is a painful burden, to be got rid of through drugs that blur the demarcation of personality.

All this, Grass reflects. The hero's reveries while under local anaesthetic, his flights into reminiscence, his fantasies, all make up a rich mulch out of which the story grows. (Grass never

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makes the slightest attempt, by the way, to distinguish between fantasy and reality in the hero's consciousness. When, for instance, he imagines his ex-fiancee on television, presenting commercials, this is presumably fantasy like seeing her in the deep-freeze, but we are given no ruling and the implication is that it doesn't matter. Which it doesn't.) At several points, the hero indulges an intense reverie about a murderer who is on the run from the police year after year; for a time, I thought he might turn out to be that murderer, living under assumed identity, but it isn't that kind of book. Again, towards the end, there is a dream-like sequence in which the hero carries out the policy threatened by the student, of setting fire to the dachshund in the street; his emotions as the crowd set on him, as the police drag him away, and so forth, are described, with no indication of whether he actually did all this or just thought it. (To think it is to do it.)

Father Berrigan and his eight friends actually did it, and in *Trial Poems*, which is his personal offering as distinct from his packaging of a documentary record, he gives us the work of art that will live and propagate in our memory. Here, he has the collaboration of an artist, Thomas Lewis, whose drawings, not specially memorable in themselves, become so when one thinks of him in a cell four feet by six, mixing cigarette ash with water to eke out his tiny bottle of Indian ink, making a brown background color by stirring together instant coffee and cocoa. (Documentary again.) Father Berrigan has an ice-cold rage that drives his poems, the rage of pity. In these few pages, he drops the puritanical demand for factual fodder and the poet inside him has the floor, uttering poems that are like white-hot icicles.

The marshal is taking my measure
snip snip snip, crossways, back and front
hex's me, society's child, for dun shirt and pants.
He grins past my shoulder
like a clown head at odds with its fate.
His ribald revolver eye
(steel sights, barrel nose)
is taking my measure.
I will wear khaki (he grins) and love it
for years and years
and play
night and day
cops and robbers
in dreams for years
scramble the wall like a spider, and fall
piecemeal, into my Savior's throttling arms.

That kind of statement offers a vertiginous glimpse of the reality of imprisonment, especially imprisonment for one's beliefs. Last year Amnesty International made a statement in which it estimated that five hundred thousand people were in prison, in various parts of the world, for their beliefs. (Most of them in the Soviet Union, a country whose stubbornly reactionary ruling clique would not have permitted the publication of any one of the books mentioned in this article – and this, too, is unhappily something very obvious that needs, in our present climate of opinion, to be spelt out.) Let's put it this way: Father Berrigan and Mr. Lewis have succeeded in speaking for that hidden half-million; Günter Grass has voiced the complex confusions, the hesitations, dreams, fears, fantasies and impulses of those of us who are, for the present, still outside the barbed wire.

## Notes on Contributors

John Wain's *latest book is* Letters to Five Artists *(Viking)*. Joseph Strayer *is Professor of History at Princeton.* David Madden's *latest books are* Cassandra Singing, *a novel, and* The Shadow Knows, *short stories.*

# *Peter Rabbit*

Mushrooms grew near the tree
nearly black with foliage.
Each footfall was a special touch.
Mother Rabbit wore a carrot-
colored jacket and a broad purple skirt,
she was beyond hopping.
Over her paw a basket; her forearm, umbrella.
No no no! we're waiting for her to demand.
She looks that way though kind.

Father father's in the pie.
It was an accident.
It was a stupid way to die.
Peter knows how to be very naughty.
There is a shimmer
about the lettuce, French beans,
radishes, and parsley –
of evil or of humanity.
Peter is a thief.

Peter my hero I am a thief.
Peter I am a child.
Peter was most dreadfully frightened
and shed big tears.
Mr. McGregor was upon him
with his size huge shoe.
Of course we are going to win.

Lippity-lippity we wander
with puzzled Peter
but I don't want the story to be over.
They will make us wash the green
from our hands and our knees.

Sandra McPherson

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# David Madden: A Genre That Won't Die

## Stories from the Transatlantic Review edited by Joseph F. McCrindle

(Holt, Rinehart and Winston; $8.95)

Does the apparent shrinking of markets for the short story foreshadow the decline of the form? Just when it was offering its best fiction in a decade, *The Saturday Evening Post*, one of the oldest, most steadfast of the mass circulation magazines, died. *The Kenyon Review*, one of the most influential literary quarterlies, recently conducted an international symposium on the short story (Kent State University Press will publish it in book form). *KR* is now defunct. Financial disasters? Certainly. But is there a corresponding failure of imagination among American readers, popular and serious? Possibly. Was *KR*'s symposium a straw-grabbing gesture as the short story form – like *KR* itself – was going under? In their joint financial encouragement of the publication of short story collections, are the Association of American University Presses and the National Council on the Arts throwing a life line to a sinking form?

Again, possibly. A quick survey of mass circulation and literary magazines reveals that *Harper's, Atlantic, Yale, Antioch, Hudson, Shenandoah, Partisan,* and *Sewanee* published an average of 2 stories each issue in the past year; *Esquire, Evergreen, Avant Garde, Southwest, Prairie Schooner, Massachusetts Review, Colorado,* and *Carleton Miscellany* about 3; *Playboy, Paris Review, Chicago, North American Review* about 5. Amazingly, *The Transatlantic Review* averages about 10. Many avant-garde magazines devote most of their space to poetry now, and a few have gone all the way; yet some commercial magazines are changing their attitudes about the quality and quantity of fiction. In the early sixties, Robie Macauley built up *The Kenyon Review*'s reputation for excellence in fiction; he is now performing the same task for *Playboy*. As its new fiction editor, Gordon Lish brings to *Esquire* his background as editor of the avant-garde *Genesis West*. Also the ladies' magazines – threatened with transfiguration in the near future by women's rights activists – are currently running some quality stories.

Meanwhile new literary magazines appear almost weekly: *The Iowa Review, Seneca, Jeopardy, Contempora, This Issue.* On the academic front, *Studies in Short Fiction,* almost a decade old now, is thriving. *New Campus Writing* is defunct, but Bantam has brought out *Intro,* an annual of the best college writing in America, sponsored by Associated Writing Programs. Of the new literary publications, *New American Review,* rising like a phoenix out of the ashes of *New World Writing,* is at once the most accomplished and promising, with its tenth issue now in galleys, its circulation soaring beyond 100,000. Many of the quarterlies have recently published hardcover collections of their best work; *TR*'s is one of the most impressive of these.

But there is cause for alarm in the fact that fiction isn't adequately reviewed, not even by literary and academic journals. *The New York Review of Books* did not achieve its status as this country's most controversial and influential review organ by flexing its muscles over novels, much less short story collections. And many other reviewing media turn deaf ears to fiction's sickbed cries. Ironically, if the probable results occur, we can expect the same media to carry accusatory obituaries.

Even young writers are contributing their apathy to the atmosphere. Schools of writing are turning out hundreds of young writers each year; more and more people are writing stories; fewer and fewer are reading them. Many magazine editors complain to me of

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the scarcity of good stories among the thousands submitted. Greater masses of young writers are turning to even shorter forms of prose: contemporary poetry. The appeal is strong – poems are short, look easy to do, and it's the thing everybody's doing. Diane Wakoski suggests we platter poems and mingle them in the same stack with rock records. Symbiosis is *in:* people will hold still for poetry if they don't have to listen hard to it. In such shifting fields of perception how can stories that demand sustained attention take root?

Yet the compulsion to tell a story and the craving to hear, even to read one, hangs on. As for our own moment, here is a splendid collection to help the itchy hold still, and to make hash of grim pronouncements about the death of the short story.

*TR*'s collection is not daring or experimental; it is just good. Confronted with such excellence, the demand for newness ought to collapse. If our vision is deepened, what does it matter that Joyce Carol Oates, Jay Neugeboren, and Thomas Bridges (young writers) stand on the shoulders of Salinger, Chekhov, and Flannery O'Connor rather than Burroughs, Robbe-Grillet, and Barthelme? This collection strikes "a balance between new and often unpublished writers and those already well-known, and between American and British writers." It offers an unusual variety of contributors, from V. S. Pritchett to Paul Bowles to Bruce Jay Friedman; over half are in their thirties or under; most of them are Americans, from the north; only 8 are teachers; six are editors (3 formerly of *TR*); a few are movie critics. The collection offers a stimulating variety of characters, from bums to jet-set millionaires; and of subjects, from the antic agonies of adolescence to the degradations of old age.

The techniques vary from the conventional to the stylized. There is a mythlike quality about three of the stories; several render entire life histories within the simple structure of a tale. Several others are constructed as jokes; one unintentionally degenerates into an audacious put-down. Others concentrate realistically on character development. Five realistic stories reveal no great power for imaginative conceptualization but are executed with varying degrees of effectiveness. If any of these stories are heavily autobiographical, it doesn't show, not even in the 11 lucid first-person narratives. Excellent first-person stories are especially difficult to achieve; a different aesthetic is required to account for what happens in them. One editor I know refuses to read any more first-person stories because they are at best too easy to write and to read, and they deny much that the aesthetic experience should afford.

Susanne K. Langer has said that a work of the imagination "is a constructed image"; it exhibits "the morphology of feeling"; "the image of feeling is inseparable from its import." What distinguishes one story from another in *TR*'s collection is the degree to which the compulsion to tell a story is governed by conception, style, and technique. "Johnny Dio and the Sugar Plum Burglars" by Harry D. Miller and "The Fair of San Gennaro" by John McPhee deal with similar situations but use style and technique very differently. The narrator of "Johnny Dio" hears the footsteps of escaping burglars: "They sounded just the way the black prints on my rug *looked.*" A conceptualizing imagination is at work in that line, but the awkwardly expressed images in "The Fair" lack the force of conception: "She took a handkerchief from her purse and carefully patted each eye, trying to smear her mascara as little as possible; nonetheless two streaks of blue did come off."

In most of *TR*'s stories, the compulsion to tell a story, combined with a conceptualizing imagination, generates the power to draw the reader back again and again; the best of these stories pass not only the test of time, but of artistic cohesiveness. I will never forget "Summer Voices" by John Banville, "The Adult Education Class" by Malcolm Bradbury, and especially "A Meeting in Middle Age" by William Trevor. Other good stories, such as "The Siege" by Sol Yurick and "Ismael" by Alfred Chester may insinuate themselves into the subconscious and there work their will. Ironically, I will also remember a few stories that ring false or collapse: "Acme Rooms and Sweet Marjorie Russell" by Hugh Allyn Hunt and "The Enemy" by Bruce Jay Friedman. Mere notion more than conception generates the energy in several stories: "During the Jurassic" by John Updike, "The Ice Cream Eat" by William Goldman, and "Francois Yattend" by Jean-Claude van Itallie. By *notion,* I mean the kind of clever premise that often comes easily to the inventive mind; by *conception,* I mean that gestalt-like grasp of a story in which character, theme, plot, style, and technique cohere, as in a single charged image. For instance, in "The Collector" by Austin C. Clarke the emptiness of a wino's life is seen as an endless routine of collecting empty pop bottles to redeem the deposit. Cops pick him up one day and let him out beside a mountain of empty bottles; a wrecking crane demolishes them before he can cash them in. This charged


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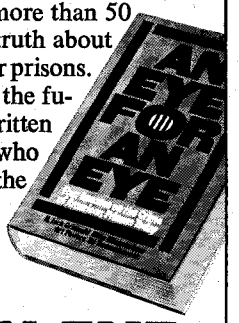


**AN EYE FOR AN EYE**

**Four Inmates on the Crime of American Prisons Today**

by H. Jack Griswold, Mike Misenheimer
Art Powers, Ed Tromanhauser

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image of empty bottles hovers close to a conception, but stylistically the execution is inept, the author fails to select and enhance details; rather, he piles one upon another.

Distinctive voices – that's what we hear in most of these stories, especially those by Penelope Gilliatt, Shirley Schoonover, George Garrett, Morris Lurie, Thomas Bridges, Frank Tuohy, Paul Breslow, and Walter Clemons. Their stories, though of varying quality, are acts of imagination; their telling voices control the reader's responses. The opening line of Joyce Carol Oates' "Dying" suggests the relationship between the compulsive teller and the transfixed reader: "Come closer, sit here on the edge of the bed. Or are you afraid of me?" Some readers, familiar with Oates' other acts of imagination, will even reply, "Yes."

In his unassuming one page introduction, Joseph McCrindle pledges allegiance to a statement T. S. Eliot made in the premiere issue of the original *transatlantic review:* "I hope you will find and publish work of writers of whatever age who are too good and too independent to have found other publishers." McCrindle feels he has good reason to make this claim himself. "The first issue . . . consisted largely of work which I, then a literary agent in New York, had been unable to sell." A charming impetus for a new review. . . . It started, like many other things, in Rome. We lament the demise of *Botteghe Oscure,* a great quarterly, forgetting that in the same year, 1959, *TR* was reborn. George Garrett happened to be there, in touch, as usual, with good writers, his motiveless magnanimity making agents superfluous. And thousands of writers are indebted to editors like McCrindle for overcoming "problems with printers, distribution, advertising, and misplaced manuscripts" to keep a review like *TR* afloat. But McCrindle's claim overreaches the actual literary situation in America for the past decade and fails to describe accurately the excellent stories in this collection – because they might have appeared *anywhere;* they simply ended up in *TR.*

Eliot hovers more on target when he says that "the use of a review is not to force talent, but to create a favorable atmosphere." Is there now such a thing as a *TR* story – or such a thing as a story typifying any particular magazine? We think, with a supercilious smile, we know what a *New Yorker* story is, perhaps an *Evergreen Review* story, certainly a *Playboy* story. But *do* we? A *Playboy* story may turn out —in an instance I know – to be one that the *Australian Women's Weekly* would *reprint.* More power to *Playboy* and to the universality of storytelling! One of the most exciting West Coast avant-garde magazines of the early sixties, *Genesis West,* folded with one of my stories in galleys; the relatively conservative *Story Magazine* was suspended while the same story was about to be scheduled; it finally appeared in *Fantasy and Science Fiction.* If – beyond McCrindle's brief declaration – there is a manifesto behind *TR,* it eludes me in this collection; I perceive no distinct characteristic except quality and variety.

# E. M. Forster – 1879-1970

The machinery of death has been at work on E. M. Forster for a couple of decades now, so that at the moment of actual death one is left with little but personal reactions – where and when did one first read him? with what and whom does the mind associate him? – left, in other words, with trivial thoughts.

Yet the key to all his works, if there is one key, is contained in the epigraph to *Howard's End:* "Only connect . . ." And connecting is finally a private, even a trivial (that is an unworldly) event in a Forster novel. I remember connecting, as a reader, with Forster in Italy during WWII, not with *A Passage to India,* which I had read in school and not liked much (I do now), but with *A Room With a View.* That novel was itself a bit trivial in the middle of war and revolution, and I liked it for that. I liked it the more because it had been given to me by a sternly Stalinist acquaintance who liked it. How, I wondered in my innocence, could this gentle and genteel literary man Forster, writing of the brittle lives of oh so middle class British female tourists, connect simultaneously with a revolutionary and me?

Connecting in the middle of wars always has a bit of mystery about it; my Stalinist friend and I were also inexplicably strong on Jane Austen at the time, nor thought her in the least irrelevant. Only later did I learn that Austen was a Forster favorite too. Now, in 1970, the relations between Forster and Austen and saving the world for socialism seem clear enough to me, but antique; Forster himself once suggested the relations when he said, "the only thing that cuts a little ice is affection or the possibility of affection . . . but it must be genuine affection and liking. It must not be exercised with any ulterior motive." No youthful proponent of relevance is apt to understand *that* as social doctrine; hence antique.

What I slowly discovered about Forster, starting in the war, was that he was, in his quiet and modest way, a triple-threat man. He was a great literary craftsman; he was a profound observer of the social condition; and he was one of England's great moralists. Who is all that any more? He was a thoroughly secular being, yet he was like Mr. Emerson in *A Room With a View,* still hunting anachronistically for the true heartland of relevance: "Your soul, dear Lucy! I hate the word now, because of all the cant with which superstition has wrapped it round. But we have souls . . . and I can see you ruining yours. I cannot bear it. It is again the darkness creeping in; it is hell."

The way out of darkness was finally love ("only connect . . ."). In *Two Cheers for Democracy* he put it this way: "I hate the idea of causes, and if I had to choose between betraying my country and betraying my friend, I hope I should have the guts to betray my country" – a statement youth *would* understand.

REED WHITTEMORE

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# Joseph R. Strayer: The Winner, Voltaire

## The Bridge of Criticism by Peter Gay

(Harper and Row; $4.95)

LUCIAN

Voltaire, I know that you taught us that historians like to play tricks on the dead, but don't you think that Peter Gay has gone too far? He has taken advantage of a careless suggestion by Gibbon to set you and me and Erasmus into arguing about the nature of the Enlightenment. And by eavesdropping on our conversation he has produced a book that will be admired for its wit and intelligence when we were the ones who wrote all the good lines.

ERASMUS

That is not exactly the problem, Lucian. Gay wrote some very good lines of his own, thanks, I suppose, to his reading of the classics. What is unfair is that he gave you and me some lines that are dull or out of character in order to let Voltaire shine. Your subtle satire appears only briefly in the third chapter, and throughout most of the book I am made to talk like a cardinal of the curia.

VOLTAIRE

As you very nearly were!

ERASMUS

As I might have been, if I had not had more freedom of spirit and sense of criticism than you and your patron will admit.

VOLTAIRE

You have reversed our roles. Whatever is good in the twentieth century comes from the Enlightenment, Gay and I can agree on that. And among these good things are the books that my friends and I have inspired. Even in those remote and barbarous lands beyond the Ocean Becker, Palmer, Wade, Gay and a dozen others have honored us, and, at times, have understood us.

LUCIAN

Then they are either cleverer, or more ingenuous than I! If I had been allowed to speak freely I could have written one of my better satires on the incomprehensible contradictions of the philosophes.

VOLTAIRE

In that case you would have been less clever than Gay. He knows that we were often inconsistent, as men with lively minds must be, that we were sometimes superficial, as men who write too much are apt to be, and that we were occasionally foolish, as any mortal can be. But he saw that behind these weaknesses there was a steady and admirable purpose, to set man free to seek the truth, to show him how to use the critical method, to give man (as Gay says) "the courage to understand the world in which he lives and to reject half-solutions or deceptive compromises." We were not silly optimists; we were not cold-blooded rationalists; we were passionate believers in the dignity of man and the power of the free human spirit.

ERASMUS

No man is a hero to his valet, but most men are heroes to their biographers. Don't you think, Voltaire, that Gay let you explain away your faults a little too easily? You were not an optimist, this I grant, but you did believe that man could improve his lot immeasurably simply by discarding false beliefs. This I doubt. You were not a rationalist, but you did think that both the world of nature and the world of man were less complicated and more comprehensible than they really are. You did believe passionately in the dignity of man but you failed to understand the real threat to that dignity. Since Gay has made me into an art critic, I will let the reviewer make me into an economist and say—

VOLTAIRE

An economist! Those men whose rationalism really was arrogant and stupid, those men who were wrong in my century and who have been wrong ever since! You, Erasmus, an economist!

ERASMUS

Let me finish. The economists at least saw a problem that you did not see, even if they could not find an answer. You attacked weak or dying institutions, a corrupt church, a decadent monarchy, a nobility half-convinced of its own guilt. You attacked all tyrannies except the tyranny of capital. How does the destruction of superstition help a man bound to the machine? How does the critical method enable one to pay a grocer's bill? How can we "cultivate our gardens" if there are no gardens, literal or figurative, to cultivate?

VOLTAIRE

I have answered all this already, Erasmus, as you would know if you had read the speeches Gay put in my mouth as carefully as you seem to have read the ones written for you;


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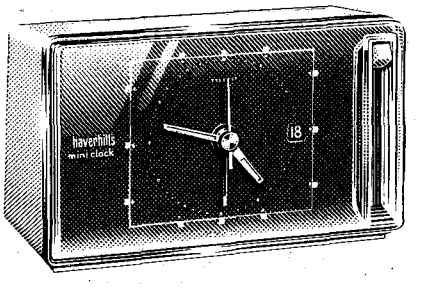


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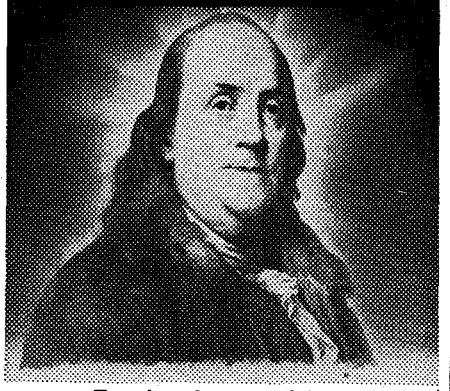

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my tyrants were not toothless, and many of them survived me. To attack one tyrant is to encourage attacks on all forms of tyranny. Freedom is the most contagious idea in human history; it spreads from religion and politics to all other human activities. We could not do everything, Erasmus, but men were freer at the end of the eighteenth century than at its beginning. Most especially they were free to criticize. And freedom to criticize is the one safeguard against all forms of oppression. While it exists there is hope, even for the miserable men of the twentieth century. If it vanishes, the new barbarism, the new tyrannies, the new superstitions will create a world worse than any of us have ever known.

# Television

## Frank Merriwell's Way

I hope the Vice President can relax his vigil on the ramparts for a moment and take another look at those Frank Merriwell books, which, as he told David Frost in a recent television interview, exerted so strong an influence on him as a boy. For Merriwell, to whose exploits I, too, thrilled in my youth, would never conduct himself as Mr. Agnew has.

When the Vice President wants to straighten out a senator in Arkansas, he flies straight to Texas and shoots his Parthian darts from across state lines. Merriwell would have deplored such beating around, or in, the bush. Straight arrow that he was, if Frank thought the President of Yale was up to no good, he would go right up to him and tell him so. If he thought journalists were bamboozling the public, he would walk right into their newsrooms in Washington or New York or Atlanta or wherever, and confront the miscreants with their misdeeds. Frank always tried to appeal to the better nature of rotters; he would speak to them in a manly way and try to bring them back onto the right path. Surely this is the way to approach the "small, hard core of hell-raisers" Mr. Agnew sees at work on campuses.

Alas! Mr. Agnew has strayed so far from emulation as to be unable to recognize the spirit of Frank Merriwell where it still shines, in the ranks of the demonstrators. Faithful to the Merriwellian way, they try to win back the wandering sheep, even when they can get no closer than their back fences; they do it openly, fearlessly, and they speak loud enough to be heard. Our leaders, however, far from welcoming revivals of traditional directness and plain speech, say they'd rather be spoken to in the muted tones we associate with despotic courts. (It's downright un-American, this insistence on lowered voices. Soft speech is for undertakers and lounge lizards; boisterous speech is a sign of democratic vigor.)

Numb to the recrudescence of the Merriwellian spirit, Mr. Agnew blunders into believing that the protestors are just a bunch of spoiled kids trying to get publicity. He even doubts (in an article in *TV Guide*) whether "these illegal [sic] demonstrations which pockmark the country would ever take place" if they were ignored by television. TV is doubly to blame, he writes. For the violence of television not only predisposes the young to agitate, but the media has the temerity to *report* the agitation. So what do we have? "Manufactured news; revolutionary theatre brought into millions of living rooms by the networks."

All right, sir, but how about all those manufactured commercials nobody asked to see, and how about "manufactured" pseudo-events, such as a Presidential press conference, or those Pentagon film clips from Vietnam?

No matter how ingenious the demonstrators may be, they're less artful as manipulators of the media than is the current government, which on short notice gets prime network time, free and clear—something the networks don't give to the Administration's crit-

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ics. However prestigious, *they* can't even *buy* time to tell their side – not from CBS or ABC at any rate. A group of Yale professors is trying to redress this situation; they are asking the FCC to limit the President's access to the television networks as long as his opponents are denied equal opportunity for reply. The Yale group – the Committee for Fair Broadcasting of Controversial Issues – argues that the FCC's sacrosanct Fairness Doctrine is being violated; they say "it's as if the President had a megaphone and soap box while everyone else is required to whisper."

The Vice President attributes to the generation raised on television a "fascination" with demonstration. He doesn't understand the reluctance with which many, probably most, demonstrators join in them; the time and money they must put out to get to Washington, for which no one thanks them and from which they get no visible results. The appetite for life of this generation may be commodious enough for it to take delight in the dull exercise of duty, but what Mr. Agnew mistakes for "fascination" with marching or with rock-throwing is little more than an acceptance of necessity, as when Abbie Hoffmann and Jerry Rubin, walking *cinematheques*, succeed in clowning their way onto the talk shows. Lacking other than fragmentary and episodic political representation, those against the war find it *necessary* to demonstrate. How else can they communicate with a government that seems to have successfully eluded even the shadow of control by the electorate that put it in office?

Now if "demonstrators" could occasionally get on the other side of TV cameras maybe things would change! "Public" television, especially, with considerable time available on its national network, could help by making free time and facilities available to the "antis," as it has to the black minority. The production of the black programming has been financed, and thus in large measure controlled, first by the Ford Foundation and lately by the Corporation for Public Broadcasting. There should be no such constraints on programs made by political minorities. Whether on "private" or "public" networks, air time and broadcast facilities should be assigned free and clear to political minorities of the Left or Right that seek to be seen and heard. Any production costs might be borne

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by them, more or less on the Dutch model, whereby different groups produce and broadcast their own programs, using the national facilities. (And let's not forget that even our "private" networks are made up of stations licensed to use a public resource, the airwaves, "in the public interest, convenience and necessity.")

Dialogue could be restored in some measure by assigning free air time to political parties, as prior claimants, and secondly, to other political minorities to do with as they like, subject only to the federal rules on fair play and obscenity. Then we could hear what the Other Fellow has to say, as well as see what he looks like. I think Frank Merriwell would approve of that.

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## Kauffmann, *from page 22*

ter, still a chapter.

At different points Bergman brings in each of his four main actors as himself. Each is seen "backstage" and is asked for comments on the role he (or she) is playing. At first I was dismayed by this device – now widely used – to include the making of the film as part of the film, and I'm not yet convinced that it was entirely beneficial. But at least (unlike similar efforts by, say, Vilgot Sjöman) the actors' comments are pertinent and, in themselves, become dramatic ingredients; besides, these backstage glimpses help the continuum idea by showing us even more aspects of the Bergman "company."

Three of these four sterling actors, named above, are well-known to Bergman viewers. The fourth, Josephson, may be remembered as the baron in *Hour of the Wolf*. Josephson, who is Director of the Royal Dramatic Theater in Stockholm, also collaborated with Bergman on the script of *All These Women*. (They used a joint pseudonym.) His performance of the suave cynical architect – reminiscent of the architect in *L'Avventura* – looks easy until we get our glimpse of Josephson himself and see the difference.

There are bothersome elements in the film. After their visit to the innocent old man suffering from the islanders' violence, Andreas and Anna go home and see a Vietnam atrocity on television; and while they are watching, a bird flies into the window-pane and has to be killed. The sequence is pat. The narrator's voice, which obtruded only once in *Persona*, obtrudes more often here. And there are some subliminal shots toward the end – like an insect flittering in mid-air after the beating scene – that add little.

But *The Passion of Anna* is lovely, partly because of its color. *All These Women*, Bergman's first color film, was garish; in this one, his cameraman-collaborator, Sven Nykvist, has opened up the dissolved-pearl light of the previous "island" pictures to reveal the gold-green tones that lay behind it all the while. "Opening up" is the mode of this whole film. If it is not modeled into completely satisfying dramatic shape, neither is it amorphous. It *happens*. It feeds a hunger for experience – as baffling as our own but more beautifully rendered because it is in artists' hands, as ours is not.

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